

LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY
OF ILLINOIS

823
G46 s
v. 1

The person charging this material is responsible for its return to the library from which it was withdrawn on or before the **Latest Date** stamped below.

Theft, mutilation, and underlining of books are reasons for disciplinary action and may result in dismissal from the University.

To renew call Telephone Center, 333-8400

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS LIBRARY AT URBANA-CHAMPAIGN

SEP 17 1981

by Capt Wm N. Glascock



SAILORS AND SAINTS;

OR,

MATRIMONIAL MANŒUVRES.

BY THE AUTHORS OF

THE "NAVAL SKETCH BOOK."

There's life in't.

SHAKSPEARE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

HENRY COLBURN, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

1829.

523

1846

v.1

PREFACE.

THE success of a former production is, perhaps, the best apology for the appearance of another by the same authors. In publishing the present characteristic Tale, illustrative of scenes, manners, and sentiments, which must necessarily be novel to the far greater portion of society, it may be only requisite to say, that the authors have been encouraged to appear again before the public, by the indulgent and flattering reception the NAVAL SKETCH BOOK obtained in each edition.

Compared with the view of society contained

in these pages, the former Work may perhaps have been considered too professional for some readers. In the present instance, the writers have endeavoured to consult the general taste, particularly that of the INFLUENTIAL FAIR, by presenting a story enlivened by the introduction of characters, to which parallels may have been found within the circle of almost every reader's society; with the exception of the veteran hero, whom the *cognoscenti* may be disposed to consider an *unique*.

In conclusion, it may be necessary to explain the reason why the authorship of the former Work was announced in the singular number. In some instances, the subjects examined were so strictly technical, that one of the parties, not being himself a naval man, felt a degree of diffidence in seeming to claim a share in originating several suggestions, which could only have been the fruit of intimate acquaintance with the *minutiæ* of the service.. In the present instance, it has been deemed

necessary partly to throw off the *incognito* ; and as, amongst the conjectures which have been hazarded by reviewers and others, that Work has been confidently asserted to be the joint production of several professional men, the authors beg to assure the reader, that whatever merit their former or their present Work may be considered to possess, it is not too much to be shared between TWO individuals—a NAVAL OFFICER and a TEMPLAR.

ERRATA TO VOL. I.

- Page 15, line 11—for “graver opinion,” read *graver, companion*.
— 213, — 4 from bottom—for “blushin,” read *blushing*.
— 89, — 11—for “as soon a blister,” read *as soon as a blister*.

SAILORS AND SAINTS.

CHAPTER I.

L'OUVERTURE.

—— A home returning bark——

Blow fair, thou breeze ! she anchors ere the dark.

Already doubled is the cape—our bay

Receives that prow which proudly spurns the spray.

BYRON.

“ A **STRANGE** sail, by all that's brave :”—exclaimed old Captain Crank, as he had adjusted to his eye a favourite Dollond's day-and-night telescope, which was handsomely mounted in the oriel window of one of the most compact neat cottages that graced the picturesque banks

of the river Dart. Erected on rather an abrupt eminence above the cliff, this rural retreat commanded an almost boundless view of the English channel on three sides; save where it was intercepted, on the west, by the bold projection of the Start Point; a headland so often hailed with delight, as the harbinger of home, by the returning wanderer of the wave.

“Let me see,” continued the captain; “what,—three reefs out o’ the taupsles* on a wind!—never did *that* in my time—don’t dream of the squall that ’ill catch him off the point—a younger, I warrant!—Shoud’nt wonder if his topmasts went over the side;—all comes of boys shipping swabst† before they shave.—Weather fore-taupsle-sheet not home by a fathom—jib stay in a bight, too—not a block to be seen low or aloft—bless my soul!—nor a hand in the chains!‡ She’s ashore for a shilling.”

* Topsails—the pronunciation of this word instantly detects the landsman.

† Mounting epaulettes, which in his day denoted a captain.

‡ A leadsman to ascertain the depth of water.

But the subject of these testy criticisms soon assumed a very different appearance. It was true, that at the moment the veteran had pronounced her “jib-stay to be in a bight,” and “her fore-topsail-sheet not home by a fathom,” her crew were in the act of setting up the one, and “singling” the other,—the latter being a practice frequently adopted of late by officers for the purpose of clewing up the topsails with a celerity, which, to either a novice, or one of the old school of seamen, had all the appearance of *legerdemain*. The critic could not fail to be in some degree surprised by the effect of this rapid evolution in “shortening sail;” and he had the further mortification of finding himself “out in his reckoning” as to another foreboding; for the vessel, with all her broad and lofty canvas spread, as if still wooing the wind, not only stood into her anchorage in admirable style; but, to the evident mortification of the petulant prophet, took up a safe birth, suddenly

clewing up every thing, in a position near enough to give the veteran a full view from his window of her busy, but orderly deck.

The only auditors which this nautical Nestor had for his critical comments upon the rising generation of our seamen, were two female relatives, who constituted the whole of his fire-side circle. The elder, a respectable middle aged matron, the captain's sister-in-law; whose life had been sufficiently chequered to have imparted to her character all those chameleon hues, which result from a knowledge of the world. Of an ambitious disposition, though humble extraction, she had been principally indebted to a fair share of personal attractions for her establishment in life, if more than existence it might be called, whose daily inconveniencies and perplexities were to be constantly encountered and defeated by shifts and evasions absolutely necessary to maintain appearances in the early stages of her husband's professional career. He

had been a country attorney in a small town, where the spirit of litigation had been restrained by the potent spells of religious enthusiasm ; or, in other words, as most of its population were members of the same sect, their disputes were, too often for the attorney's interest, amicably adjusted by the intervention of the pulpit, rather than the woolsack. It was not wonderful, therefore, that Crank's prize money should now and then be invested in other hands than those of the Commissioners of the Navy Four-per-Cents.

The worthy veteran continued for years to supply the wants of a brother, whose choice of a profession had been so unfortunate. A sense of dependence and degradation gradually brought on an apathy and distaste for life, from which the attorney vainly sought relief in the too frequent use of spirituous liquors ; and he paid the penalty of these culpable attempts to escape from the cares of the world, by an attack of apoplexy,

which closed his career, without burdening his family by any regret for his loss. What had proved poison to her husband's temporal concerns, turned out a balm to the sorrows of his spouse—she became a convert to those principles whose influence had ruined the lawyer's practice;—was frequent in her attendance at “meeting;”—seldom seen at church; and rose, as veterans ought in the forces, with her standing, through the different *grades* of “hearer,” “convert,” “class-sister,” and “band-sister,” until she became as constant in her attendance on the service at Zerubbabel Chapel, as the pillar which supported its pulpit.

The next in order of rank, though far above her in the estimation and affection of the veteran, was his niece. Raised to a sphere far beyond her early expectations by her kind-hearted uncle, who had adopted her on his brother's death, and completed her education at considerable expense; Emily, like girls of any

emulation, rose in spirit with her altered circumstances. She must have been dull indeed not to have perceived her own increased importance even while at school, in the deference and marked civilities of both mistress, teachers, and school-fellows, the moment she was recognized as the presumptive heiress of the retired old Ingee admiral, the title by which her uncle was usually designated.

Emily had acquired in the captain's society a competent acquaintance with sea terms to comprehend that the stranger now anchored below must be a vessel of war; and the idea of a youthful commander excited in her a degree of interest, which can only be understood by those sylvan beauties in their teens who are condemned to pass their monotonous days in the neighbourhood of a country town, near two hundred miles from the capital.

"Well," proceeded the captain with his soliloquy, and wiping his glass with an old bandana, part of a testimonial of gratitude which he had

received from a "free trader," for a trifling service when in command of a sloop of war on the "home station" some twenty years before—"come,—he's taken up his birth better than I expected;—but I suppose his master had the management of *that*."—Placing the glass again to his eye, he continued, "There's haul up the gig, and man the side;—aye, here he comes, as stiff as a midshipman. What—swab on the starboard shoulder! Why the boy's not posted to be sure?—He's in a devil of a hurry to shift it—might wait till superseded too!—Aye, just as I thought—one o' your feather-bed fellows—not an ill-looking chap, neither."

"Young and handsome!" murmured Emily to herself. "Shall we go to the beach, uncle, and welcome the stranger?"

"What—are you mad, child? Senior officer wait on a junior!"

"But hospitality, Sir!"

"Hospidevilty!—I say discipline.—What

would become of the service, if veterans were to bend to boys? If he keeps an eye out to windward, he'll see a reg'lar rigged stick* in the garden.—Come when he will,—glad to receive him as a supernumerary at Camperdown cottage—and, moreover, ‘victual him for the day ;’—but damn all volunteering.—No, no, civility's all very well in its way ;—curse your French familiarity, and your privateer fashion of swigging and smoking with every fellow who happens to be under the same fly o' your pennant — No, no, my dear—mark this !—preserve discipline—preserve your distance—that's my maxim. D—n it, the mids o' the *Grampus* had it patter than their prayers.”

“The more's the pity,” exclaimed Mrs. Crank, “that youth should be brought up so very irreligiously, and that *you*, brother, should allude to it so irreverently.”

* Flag-staff in the garden, which, throughout England, will be found, in ninety-nine cases of a hundred, to indicate the residence of a sailor.

“Why, how now?—The maxim’s a good one, and, moreover, my own:—and as to preferring discipline to their prayers, there’s nothing, I hope, immoral in *that*;—though you’re always throwing *morality* up in one’s face, you can’t say there’s any commandment cracked there—that’s if *I* understand the decalogue.”

“Brother, brother,” rejoined Mrs. Crank, in the deep peculiar tone so often assumed by that class of people self-denominated the “*serious*,” “why talk *only* of morality?—I would speak of a higher motive,”—and she would have proceeded, but that the captain rather peevishly stopped her short, by saying—

“See here, old girl, you might as well try to bring up* the *Royal Billy*† in the middle of the Atlantic, as to prevent a sea-faring man from indulging in an odd damme, now and then,—if it’s only to give weight to his words.—What

* To anchor.

† The “*Royal William*,” which lay for many years guard-ship at Spithead. She was said to have been the oldest ship in the service, before broken up.

the deuce would you do of a squally night, if you were to be squeamish about letting fly an oath at a fellow for keeping fast the taupsle haliards,—or delicate about damning the watch sky-high, for not jumping up to the main-clue-garnets?—Why, d'ye know, that a roaring thumper through a trumpet has often had the effect of saving the ship from jeopardy !”

“At perhaps the expense of the swearer's soul,” interrupted his sister.

“Now, stand fast there !—The less you say on that subject, the better ;—and if you wish to retain your rating on your brother's books, you'll clap a stopper on your petticoat preaching.”

The cloud that was gathering on the grave brow of the saintly matron as she meditated a reply to the unceremonious rebuke of our veteran, was dispersed by the entrance of a personage who may be best described as the captain's factotum.

When the captain was afloat, Tom 'Tiller had

served him as coxswain in every ship he commanded ; and now, on shore, his duties, though of a different nature, were not less multifarious.

“ I axes your pardon, Sir,” said Thomas, as he opened the door,—“but in course, as there’s a man-of-war brig brought up below, you’ll hoist the big ensign to-day.”

“ Right, Thomas,—right.—Shift the colours, and let me see every thing ship-shape about the grounds and garden. I hope now, the fly o’ the ensign won’t be fagging out the way it was on Sunday last.—Tack taught down, you know ;—and, for heaven’s sake, don’t let *Ram* be howling about, and throwing up his eyes like a methodist parson.”

“ *I’ll* see to it all, Sir,” said Tom.—“ But, if so be, Sir, the brig salutes us, how many guns shall we return ?”

“ Salute !—No, no, Thomas,” rejoined Crank, with a smile,—“no, no! young as he is, he is not so *young* as to expend his powder on an unemployed officer.—But who knows, but he might

be one of my old mids?—He *might* to be sure, Thomas, wish to pay his old captain a compliment, and call it *scaling* his guns, if he liked.—Well, poor boys! I'm sure they all loved me, though, at times, I used to work them to a jelly."

To explain Tom Tiller's last interrogatory, it may be necessary to inform the reader, that, in addition to the flag-staff, the captain had placed in his garden two brass ship's swivels, which had originally been taken from the taffrail of a French-privateer; and which were afterwards promoted to the main-top of the last line-of-battle ship which Crank had commanded, from whence they had been removed hither, as some of the personal spoils of war. These swivels were duly employed to announce the anniversary of every naval victory and royal birth day; and, thanks to the gallantry of our tars, and the numerous fine progeny of our late gracious Queen Charlotte, these opportunities were so numerous, that, like the saints in the French

calendar, there was a shot for almost every day in the year. On these occasions, too, the veteran considered it to be an indispensable point of his duty to expend his prize money as fast as he did the powder which gained it, in jubilee dinners, at which he filled as many rounds of bumpers during the night, as he had fired rounds of blank in the morning.

To return to the breakfast room. The captain, perceiving the subject of his present curiosity “working a traverse” up the narrow way, which led to his cottage, bethought him that he might yield so far to the suggestions of Emily respecting hospitality, as to meet the stranger half-way, without entrenching on his notions of naval etiquette. Thus resolved, he addressed his niece,—

“Well, come, Emily,—clap on your headgear. I don’t care if I do accompany you to reconnoitre this cruizer ;—besides, it’s not every day the port is honoured with a pennant.”

However ambitious of display his fair niece

might have been, yet her knowledge of the capriciousness of her uncle's temper induced her to interpose no delay to the completion of his wishes, by any studied effort to increase her attractions. Possibly, vanity suggested it was unnecessary.—Her toilette was quickly made; and linking her arm in her uncle's, who had already stood with his bamboo extended in the direction they were to take, she deftly tripped down the winding alley, to the manifest annoyance of her graver opinion, who, in a tone half serious, half bantering, muttered,—

“Come, child;—you're carrying-on too much canvas for me—I can never stand up to my sticks at this rate.—You'll have me springing some o' my spare spars, and I'm sure they're quite ticklish enough already.”

Anxious as other writers may be of achieving the picturesque in description, we must prune our wing to a soberer flight. Although it could not be denied that Emily was a fine girl, yet the group was any thing but picturesque. In fact,

it bordered much nearer on the grotesque.—Her symmetrical figure, and buoyant step, were strangely in contrast with the jocund obesity, and hobbling gait of the principal figure.—He might be about sixty, and carried his years well ; rather portly in person, and of a fresh and healthy complexion ; the ravages of time or clime were not very apparent. The only evidence of his years consisted in an exuberance of venerable milk-white hair, which, though suffered to luxuriate in front, was compressed behind in a neatly tied *queue*, which, without disparagement to the perspicacity displayed by money-lenders in our time, might have been discounted at sight, for thousands, any day between three and five, on the Royal Exchange.—To prove that *Bellona* was no stepdame, she had complimented him by a scratch in the face (which lubbers would have denominated a frightful gash), inflicted by a splinter from a two-and-thirty pounder, as it winged its wanton way through the quarter deck bulwark of the

R——r in Rodney's ever memorable victory. This, in those days, was a species of reminiscence of services, which was *somehow* very sillily appreciated by our officers, when the cheap distinctions of commemorative ribbons and medals were not the only blazonry of valorous achievements.

A blue coat, stand-up collar, long in the waist, a "square tuck," white kerseymere vest, ambitiously displaying on each button an anchor, the only exterior symbol of his profession; with a pair of blue "unmentionables," white fleecy stockings, and short black gaiters, composed the attire of the veteran.

Tiller completed a trio on which Hogarth would have exercised his pencil with pleasure. He was a tough tar, so nearly his master's age, that the old gentleman, when in very good humour, used to joke with him familiarly on their close approximation in this respect, always affecting to forget who was the elder of the two. —They had entered the profession nearly at the

same period of boyhood; had seen, therefore, nearly equal periods of service, for Tiller retired with his master.—Tom, too, had reaped his share of honours, as well as the veteran, having been for several years previously a captain also—that is, of a *top*. He was of a spare habit, extremely bow-legged, small in the waist, and long in the arms; his eye (for he had but one, the other having been whisked out by the explosion of a powder-horn, when priming his carronade in action) always resting on his commander's; his complexion mahogany, enlivened with an odd streak here and there (particularly on the nose) of vermilion, and betokening long service in a variety of climates, as he contended—possibly, an undue preference to strong potations. He, too, sported a tolerable tail, which, on ordinary occasions, was bent up in a-bight; but, on Sundays and holidays, was uncoiled, and displayed in all its fair proportions.—He wore the ordinary dress of a sailor, marked by a scrupulous exactness; and a rigid attention to clean-

liness, as an atonement for a peculiar feeling, which had well nigh robbed Camperdown cottage of not the least worthy of its inmates. This arose from an attachment to his profession, and old habits. In fact, no earthly consideration could have induced him to substitute a livery for the blue jacket and white trowsers of the tar. Indeed, when his mistress had alluded sometimes to the circumstance of his appearing in a gentleman's family so singularly attired, Tiller uniformly accompanied the remark with an unconscious stare, as if ignorant of her meaning, and an obvious anxiety to leave the room ; though the next morning, whilst dressing his master, he never neglected to signify his unalterable dislike to the proposed innovation, by alluding to an intention he had long cherished, though as often postponed, to give up service, and go into the country to see his friends.— This would have been to Crank a separation of soul and body, so that Tiller was sure to gain his object, and the point was decided by the

captain at last jocosely observing to his sister, that "it was quite out of the question, to expect a square-rigged craft, like Tom, ever to bend a fore-and-aft suit of sails."

The above sketches from the life will suffice to introduce to the reader's acquaintance a few of the *dramatis personæ* who figure in these volumes.

CHAPTER II.

JOINING CO.

Many a worthy man sacrifices his peace to formalities.

L'ESTRANGE.

THE garden walk terminated with a gate opening into a steep ravine, richly planted and arched overhead, which rather abruptly descended to the shore. At some distance beneath the umbrageous foliage, two figures were seen slowly winding up the ascent. The dim light which pervaded this hollow way threw them further into perspective than might have been imagined from the distinctness with which their conversation reached the ears of our party.

The subject was rather startling to the dignity of the old gentleman, accustomed as he was to the more stately demeanour, and reserved habits of officers in his day. It seemed to refer to himself; and the observation had called forth a laugh from the superior, as he conjectured, at his expense. Nor did the officer (for it now evidently appeared the couple approaching belonged to the brig) seem to be one of those likely to exact much deference from his attendant, who, notwithstanding, kept, out of respect for his superior, a little better than "a boat-hook's length in his wake."

"Perhaps, Sir," said the inferior, closing up abreast of his officer, and who happened to be bow-man of the boat, which had not long landed from the brig, "Perhaps, Sir, as I draws less water nor you, it might'nt be amiss to let me lead through the narrows."

"Why, Jones, you're as cautious as a Portuguese pilot," returned the officer; "surely we've no danger to dread?"

“ I does’nt know *that*, Sir ;—it’s as well to sound as we go.—If you takes my advice, Sir, you’d ’connitre the old boy afore we board him in the smoke.”

“ I admire your prudence : but pray, Jones, why this precaution ? The old gentleman appears to have hoisted his colours in compliment to the brig’s putting into port ; and it’s not likely that an old officer would turn his back on a blue-jacket, or shut his doors against a sailor.”

“ Why, I hope you’re not out in your reck’ning, Sir ;—but you see, Sir,” said the tar, assuming the air of one endowed “ with a learned spirit of human dealings ;” “ you see, Sir, when a man’s a long time out o’ commission, he can’t help getting, as a body may say,—shore-hardened a bit—a touch o’ the two ways wi’ him—heaves-in, you know, Sir, when he means to stick-out ;—and polite enough to ax you to freshen your nip, when at the same time he’d as soon give you a drop of his blood as a drop of his bottle.”

“Probably so ; but I make it a rule never to distrust the cloth ; and, to its honour be it said, I’ve never yet been deceived. But, hollo ! who have we here ?”

“The commodore, by all that’s blue !” said the bowman, who had previously learnt from the fishermen on the beach the appellative by which the veteran was known in the neighbourhood. “Oh, it’s him, Sir, as sure as a gun, for here’s the gate close aboard ; he’s overhard us for sartin.”

“Well, Sir,” said the other, elevating his voice sufficiently to reach distinctly the person it was meant to conciliate, “he can have heard nothing of which he or I have any reason to be ashamed.”

He had hardly time to put his hand to his hat, and salute the party, ere the old gentleman accosted him with an obviously constrained familiarity :—

“Your humble servant, Sir.—I presume the brig brought up below is yours ?”

“ I have the honour to belong to her,” replied the officer.

“ Belong to her?—you mean she *belongs* to you.—Well, Sir,—you’re welcome to the port.—My niece here prevailed on me to come down to meet you ; though, I assure you, I was not over inclined to start tack or sheet —We *liners*, you know, are not in the habit of leading small craft into their anchorage.”

“ I feel more sensibly the compliment from its having originated with the lady,” said the stranger, bowing gracefully to Emily, “ but the fact is, I have been sent by Captain Staunch to a ——”

“ *Sent!*” interrupted Crank, in a tone of surprise,—“volunteered you mean?—You’re superseded, I suppose?”

“ I hope not, Sir.”

“ Hope not !—Gad, had you been served as I was—kept knocking about the North Seas the standing-part of a winter’s cruize after you were

posted,* you wouldn't object to your successor's joining so soon."

"You labour, I rather think, Sir, under some misapprehension, attributable to my wearing an epaulette. Perhaps, Sir, you have not been apprised of the recent change in the uniform?"

"Change in the uniform!—what change?—My niece here generally overhauls the newspapers very sharply, and neither of us have read any thing of the matter—have we, child?"

"Pardon me, Sir," said he, "a considerable change has taken place. The same uniform which hitherto distinguished a post-captain under three years' standing, now denotes the rank of lieutenant."

"What, Sir, you don't mean to say that the lufftackle† has shipped the *swab*?"

"Yes, Sir, and on the right shoulder."

"Ha! ha! ha!—The service is going headlong to the devil! Then, of course, the wash-

* Made post captain.

† Lieutenant.

boards* are shipped by the reefer.† And so, after all, I'm addressing *only* a lieutenant!—is it so, eh?"

"At your service, Sir, only lieutenant, and even *second* lieutenant of His Majesty's sloop *Spitfire*."

"D——n it, this is the devil's own take-in, my dear," said Crank to Emily, aside.—"Pray, Sir, may I ask your name?"

"Burton, Sir."

"Burton! Burton!—surely you can't be son to my old messmate, Bob Burton, who served as second in the *Boyne*?—But, no; I remember, like myself, he kept his text through life, never to be hampered with a rib—so that can't be, except, to be sure,—a side-wind."

He might, perhaps, have pursued the subject further, notwithstanding Emily had disengaged her arm from his to occupy herself in unneces-

* White facings of the uniform coat, formerly indicating the rank of lieutenant.

† Midshipman.

sarily adjusting a very delicate and faultless specimen of shoe-tie, had not the frown which he saw fast gathering on the lieutenant's brow recalled the old gentleman to a sense of the impropriety of pushing this species of equitable dubiety further as to the parentage of a perfect stranger. He hastened to resume the subject ;—luckily, the catch-word suggested itself—“ Burton, Burton ;—well, and pray, Mr. Burton, if it be a fair question,” continued the veteran, “ how comes it that as *second* lieutenant, you are the first officer to land from the brig ?—I suppose, in those sort of small craft, there are no more cats than can catch mice.—A *brig*, you know, Sir, is not like a battle-ship.—To be sure, in my day, the *second* lieutenant of a liner was considered as a sort of spare-topmast, that lay idle on the booms as long as the *first* was standing ;—but times, I perceive, have terribly changed—terribly, indeed.”

Though Emily in some measure shared in her uncle's mortification at finding, as he had so un-

ceremoniously expressed it, that all this while he had been addressing *only* a lieutenant; her deportment obviously betrayed, even to a careless observer, that a considerable degree of interest had been already excited by the rencontre. Nor was this at all surprising.—Taking her uncle as a specimen of the profession, whose temper, notwithstanding his goodness of heart, was crabbed, and whose manner and conversation, harsh and dictatorial, she was agreeably surprised by the unaffected manners, easy affability, and prepossessing appearance of the young officer; and this surprise might, perhaps, best interpret the meaning of those furtive glances of her fine dark eyes, which were directed towards him at intervals, when she imagined, from his being engaged in conversation with her uncle, there was little danger of her being detected.

To keep the veteran no longer in suspense as to the object of his mission, Burton proceeded to acquaint him that he came ashore specially for the purpose of ascertaining whether fresh

provisions and water were to be conveniently obtained in the neighbourhood?—"We have, Sir," said he, "just returned from a cruize off Scilly,—and—seeing St. George's ensign flying at the flag-staff—"

"Flag-staff, young man!" interrupted Crank, "I'll have you know that *flag*-staff, as you call it, is the main-to'-gallant-mast of a six-and-thirty gun frigate, and no *capperbar** either. D——n it, where are your eyes, Sir?—Don't you see she's a reg'lar fidded royal-mast, cross-trees and all complete?—I'll answer for it, the stay and shrouds are made of a better piece of two-and-a-half hawser-laid stuff than any you can sport in your a—what d'ye call her, Sir?"

"The *Spitfire*," replied the lieutenant coolly, who perceived he had a testy customer to deal with.

* As this will be perfectly well understood by those who are interested in the honour of the service, and in keeping the secret, it shall, for the sake of the veteran, never be explained in a note of ours.

“ The *Spitfire*, eh?—built since my time.—Well, and so you say this Spitfire—(gad, you’ve got her black enough to call her the *Belzebub*—zounds! girl, don’t be treading on my toes—) and so you’ve only come into port to replenish your water?—you’re sure nothing else?—*captain* not sick o’ the cruize, eh?—old stationer, you know—up to *these* sort o’ rigs.”

“ Sir, it would not become me to dispute that such may be the result of your own experience; but it would become me less, tamely to acquiesce in any undeserved censure on the conduct of my commander;” and, with a graceful inclination of the head towards Emily, he continued, “ Nor would it be just to the profession or to yourself, to omit reminding you that this censure is levelled against the most devoted protectors of the sex.”

“ Holloa, young man,—touchy as tinder!—What tack are we on now?—got hold of a sea-lawyer it seems.—However, I like your spirit in sticking up for the discipline of the service.

Respect your superiors—that's my maxim;—had it painted on the break of the *Grampus's* poop."

"Well, Sir," said the lieutenant, "as duty never admits of delay, perhaps you will have the politeness to oblige me with your assistance?"

"Certainly, Sir,—every officer in His Majesty's navy is entitled to my good offices, especially on a point of service.—If you're determined not to make for the cottage; my man, Tiller here, shall step to the best butcher in the place, and order him to comply with your 'purser's demand.'—By-the-by, how is't he didn't land himself to look after his own business?—In my time, *Nipcheese** would have considered it as good as a re-capture to have had such an opportunity of contracting with a butcher."

Being made acquainted that this duty had been assigned to the lieutenant in consequence of the indisposition of the purser, Crank pro-

* Nickname for purser.

ceeded to point out the best watering-place in the vicinity, adding that, "If it does not interfere with your duty, perhaps you'll take a family dinner with us—eight bells, you know, to a minute," continued Crank, pulling out his watch, and comparing it with Burton's.

The lieutenant politely made his acknowledgments, giving his assurance that nothing would afford him greater pleasure; but intimated that, as he was on duty, his compliance would depend upon obtaining leave from his captain.

"Perhaps, Sir," said Emily, "we may have the additional pleasure of your captain's company?"

"Why, I don't exactly know what to say to *that*, my dear;" said Crank.—"I know, in my time, it wasn't quite according to Cocker, for a captain and *lieutenant* to dine together ashore—but be that as it may, Sir—make our compliments—no force, you know—a volunteer's worth two pressed men—say, if he comes, glad to see

him—hearty welcome, and all that sort o' thing. You may depend on it, there's some capital stuff in the store-room."

Bowing to both, Burton informed them that the accident which afforded him the pleasure of this introduction, would, he feared, prevent his commander partaking of their hospitality. "It was but the other day," he said, "that the captain had a narrow escape, by the falling of a block from aloft: fortunately, however, it only fell on his foot; but the contusion is sufficiently severe to confine him to his cabin."

"Aye, aye! nothing but negligence—now that's a thing *I* never would forgive—a block or marlinspike falling from aloft, was always three dozen in my time."

This hint seemed to be little relished by the lieutenant's attendant, who, turning up the whites of his eyes, muttered, in an almost audible tone—"Precious times them!—suppose a poor fellow fell from aloft, dare say they'd a brought him to a reg'lar-built court martial, if

he hadn't the good fortun to fall on his pate and knock out his brains."

"Talking of blocks falling from aloft, reminds me," said Crank, "of a sad accident which happened aboard the *Ramilies* — *Ramilies*? — let's see, was't the *Ramilies*, or the *Boyne*? — right, the *Ram*; because, now I remember, 'twas just after I became *first* of the former. — Well, you must know, Sir, one day, in a general chase to windward — cracking on as much as ever we could stagger under trippled-reefed taupsles and courses — a cursed cross-sea running — taking it in clean over all —"

Here Emily, aware, from experience, of the probable prolixity of her uncle's stories, whenever he commenced to touch on technicals with so formidable a flourish as "tripple-reefs — cross-seas — and cracking on canvas," correctively placed her hand on her uncle's sleeve, reminding him, that "the gentleman had to repair on board, and, if he expected him to return to dinner, he had better reserve the catastrophe

until they again met ;” a hint which was gladly followed by the lieutenant politely taking leave, for the present, and expressing a hope that he should be favoured with that anecdote, or any other fruits of his experience, when he had the pleasure to rejoin them.

According to this arrangement, the officer, now, accompanied by Tiller and the bowman, descended to the beach to examine the watering-place. The one-eyed tar having pointed out the road, the lieutenant preceded his companions, neither of whom were remarkable for taciturnity. Indeed, from the first moment, each had eyed the other with a secret determination to exchange shots in a civil conversational way, having gradually slackened their pace, so as to fall into the rear, and to get out of hearing, when the bowman thus broke silence—

“ I say, shipmate—what sort of a birth have you got on it here?—A rum rating—I take it ?”

“ Rum as it is, I reckon it’s better nor A. B.* aboard a man-o’-war.”

“ Well, I didn’t say the birth was a bad-un—for tho’ you’ve a fidded stick† there, stepped on the top o’ the hill, I take it you seldom shin-up to rig the upper-royal-yard-arm?”

“ Why, no,”—retorted Tiller;—“ we don’t cross broom-sticks here;—tho’ we’ve eight hours in of a night, we’ve something else to do in the day.”

“ There, now, that’s what I’ve been just a thinking;” said the bowman, who was quite a match for Tom in good-humoured retort—“ and what’s more, from what I overhears just now, I takes it the old gemman’s rather a taut hand in a watch;—he’d sooner, I reckon, sarve-out *three dozen*, nor double allowance?”‡

“ Why, for the matter o’ that, he could sarve out *both* to them as desarved it.”

* A.B—Able seamen.

† A flag-staff.

‡ In allusion to double allowance of grog.

“ Well,—there’s never no denying but some o’ the sim’lar sort have their good pints, as well as their bad uns.”

“ Pints,” said Tiller,—assuming an air of importance—“ he’s as many pints as the compass, if you only knew how to box ’em.—I knows his trim better nor most, and take him, *by*, or large, you’ll not find his match in a million.—The gout, to be sure, sometimes sets him a snarling, when it makes him lie by with his legs in limbo ;—and he’s not over pleased when his sister-in-law—a sort o’ *she* clergyman—tarns to a preaching, and tries to gammon the old man out of a Newland,* you know, for divarting the Jews, as she calls it;—but the breeze once over, the sea soon goes down.—Well ! but I say—that seems a crack craft o’ your’s !” added Tom, assuming a livelier tone.

“ You may say that, my bo,” said the younger tar, “ when you next write home to your friends.—The very barkey as can run in

* A Bank note.

the guns—send down royal and to'-gallant-yards—hoist the boats in, and pipe the hammocks down all in the same breath."

"And in course, sarve out slops too, at the *same* time," returned Tiller, thinking that his companion was drawing upon his credulity.—

"But, I say, how is't you've got her black and all black?"

"There's the beauty on her!—why, d'ye think *she's* like a lady, as wants paint and ribbons* to show-off her sheer?—Did you ever see a swan sit prouder in a pond?" said the bowman, pointing to the vessel at her anchorage—"I wish you could only see her gilt stars astern—look at her figure-head, glittering like a guinea in the sun, as much as to say,—‘there's take the shine.’—Twig her bottom, as bright as a new-coined copper:—that's scudding, not *scouring*,† old boy!—Look at her bulging bow—grad'ally

* The painted mouldings along a ship's side are termed, in nautical language, ribbons.

† Scouring.—Many vessels were in the habit of scouring their copper, to give it a bright appearance.

swelling from the sarfus up—for all the world like a lady's bosom, shored-up by a taut pair o' stays.—See her sticks,* how they stand—stayed to an affigraphy;†—there's yards, for you—as square as a die;—did you ever see such white and well-stowed hammocks afore?"

"Oh, the craft's very well," said Tiller,—("Right a-head, Sir!" sung out Thomas, perceiving the lieutenant now at a loss for his way to the stream)—"the craft's very well herself—but—"

"But—but *what* now?" interrupted Tiller's companion; "if you could only haul up the lid o' your t'other top-light, you'd *see* she was *more* nor well."

"Come—come—steady a bit—right your helm—you needn't be in such an infarnal taking—I was only going to ax—what sort of officers you' a-got."

* Masts.

† A sailor's term for a nicety.—"Exactness."—As little reason, perhaps, can be given for the use of the term in this sense, as for calling a beverage, made out of burnt biscuit and water "Ge-o-graphy."

“ Officers?—why there’s not a bad-un aboard—the skipper’s a sailor himself,—and what’s more, a sailor’s friend—his face ’s like a summer’s morn, it smiles on every thing it looks.”

“ D——n your smilers—I can’t abide ’em—I’d put as much trust in a smiler as I would,—aye, in a compass-card nailed to the deck.”

“ Well, but I tells you he’s none o’ the sort—he’s none o’ your chaps as ’ave always a smile on their mug for a lady ashore, and a frown on their phiz for a fellow afloat.”

“ But *is* he a fellow,” said Tiller, “ as is always the same?—can stand up, as well under his canvas on one tack as t’other?—none o’ your skippers for me as are pleased in port and savage at sea—I’ve seen enough o’ them sort o’ chaps, as are only polite among petticoats.—Where was two fancier fellows wi’ the women nor P—— and P——? see them a taunto, in their shore-going togs, and you’d swear, from their bowing and scraping, and sending for’ard their pates, as they stuck out their starns, they were a pair

o' your reg'lar-built, parlee-voo hop-kickers—
But get 'em once in blue water—once out
o' their sweet scented suds, and see what a Billingsgate battery they'd open on all as comed under their fire."

"But damn it, man, doesn't I tell you," returned the bowman, rather warmly, "that he's none o' the sort at all?"

"Well, then—what sort are the rest o' your officers?—kase, you know, one chafed strand's enough to condemn a whole cable.—(Straight on, under the cliff, Sir," said Tiller, again hailing the lieutenant)—"what sort o' chaps are they?"

"Why, there's the first lieutenant, to be sure, gets sometimes a-head of his reck'ning—does things hand over hand, in a hurry—but *there's* the boy," said the bowman, pointing to Burton, who was too far a-head to overhear their conversation—"that's the boy as can box the brig about—he can do more wi' the watch than t'other could do with all hands—He's the smart-

est young fellow I ever see'd in my day, and never axes a man to do more nor he can *do* himself.—I 'members one morn, lying moored at Spithead, when the first lieutenant was ashore on leave, and he was left *dicky* aboard, and, bekase we wasn't *first*, as usual, in crossing to'-gallant yards—may I never see light if he didn't send the sticks up and down thirteen times afore he piped to breakfast—and the twelfth time, he got so vexed (what no man afore ever seed in the ship) that he sings out to Bob Law, the second captain of the fore-top, as was rigging the upper yard-arm at the time—'Either you or me,' says he, 'Mister Law, 's a tailor.'—'*I* sarved my time to the *sea*,' says Bob.—'Then the sea sarved out a *lubber*,' says t'other—what puts Bob, you know, so much on his pluck, that, singing out loud enough for all hands to hear him aboard, '*I'd* like,' says Bob, 'to see the fellow in the fleet, as could rig an upper-yard-arm smarter nor me.'—'You *would*, would ye?' says the lieutenant, with the blood flying up in his face—'Here,

Stowel,' says he, to the master, 'send the yards up,' says he, and flying for'ard, he flings off his coat on one of the guns, runs aloft like a lamplighter, and afore he gets fairly a foot in the top, he sings out, 'sway away, master, damn it, don't wait for *me*, man!' Well, you know, tho' there wasn't a man in the brig that wouldn't go further, aye, further than Fidler's Green for him—still, it wasn't in natur, you know, to let poor Bob be beat by a gemman—so, you see, they makes the devil's own run with the yard rope, to sway the upper-yard arm out of his fist, but he was too sharp for 'em all—for he bevelled it so well at the mast head, as he held the lift-and-brace in both hands, that the stick flew thro' 'em just like a fair leader—and there was the fore-to'-gallant yard across, aye, half-a-minute afore the main was rigged."

"Well," said Tiller, "I suppose Mr. Law, as you calls him, looked a bit blue?"

"Why, you may suppose he dropped his peak, as soon as the leaftenant comes down on

deck, and says, with a sort of swagger, ‘ There, my man, you *see*,’ says he, ‘ you see, I never axes another to do what I couldn’t do *better* myself!’—‘ Well,’ says Bob, cheering up a bit, so as to clinch the concern at once, ‘ I declare to my God, Sir,’ says he, ‘ I axes your pardon, but I didn’t think ’twas in mortal man to beat Bob Law at any thing aloft—and I’m blowed,’ said he, ‘ if I turn my back to another in the fleet ’sides yourself.’—I doesn’t know whether this palaver o’ Bob’s pleases the leaftenant or no, but I knows, ever since, they’ve both taken together as nat’ral as brandy and water.”

They had now reached the watering-place, and the lieutenant expressed himself satisfied with its appearance. Observing to the bowman that it would require no great length of hose to fill the casks, he speedily rejoined the boat’s crew on the beach, and pulled for the brig.

CHAPTER III.

DANDYISM.

————— The first request
He made, was, like his brothers to be dress'd.

DRYDEN.

ALREADY all was activity on board. The yawl and cutter had been hoisted out off the booms, and filled with breakers (let not the landsmen be alarmed) and empty casks. The crews had been piped away by order of the senior lieutenant, and the movement was only interrupted by the ringing of the captain's bell, and the appearance of the orderly, requesting the attendance of the lieutenant in the cabin.

It was remarked of the commander, that when-

ever accident or indisposition prevented his doing the duties of his station, in person, he was more particularly tenacious that those, on whom it devolved, should strictly adhere to the maxims he had laid down for the government of the brig, in almost every possible case. Acquainted with every detail of duty, he had often felt the harassing inconvenience to which men, and the best men, are often put, by the want of foresight and method evinced by officers in the most ordinary points of service. To meet emergencies of this nature, he had framed a brief code of regulations, applicable to his own ship's company. His anxiety to attain a high state of discipline, and at the same time ensure the comforts of his crew, induced him continually to make additions—Still, much was necessarily left to the discretion of his officers. The present was one in which he considered that discretion injudiciously exercised—

“ Had you not better, Mr. Hasty,” said he, to the first lieutenant, as he had entered the

cabin, “wait until the arrival of Mr. Burton, who can tell whether water is conveniently, or at all, to be obtained here?—I’m always afraid,” added he, in an under key, when he found they were left to themselves, “of men going on shore without certain occupation—they sometimes straggle from the beach, and get drunk; and though our’s are pretty true to the brig, are not infrequently tempted to desert.”

“Burton, Sir, has some time shoved off from the shore, and will be soon alongside,” returned the lieutenant.

“The less reason for hurry;—but here, Hasty, look at this chart of the harbour;—I think we might lie further in shore—I see by the cross-bearings, you have brought up in the outer part of the ‘Range’—see, we’ve six, and five fathoms close under compass point—here we should lie more sheltered from the open sou’-wester, and, there is quite room enough to veer, should it come on to blow—besides, we shan’t be idle

while we are here, and it will save the boats' crews unnecessary toil."

Whilst pointing out the destined birth of the brig, Burton came down to "report himself" returned. He detailed the occurrences which took place, and the certainty of procuring provisions and water, with the invitation of Captain Crank to his commander.

Unaccountable as it may appear to any but the female reader, the circumstance of Crank's fair niece having joined in the request was not mentioned.—Possibly arising from the suppression of this inducement, the valetudinarian expressed no inclination to accept the proffered civility; and the lieutenant, now more at ease as to any apprehensions that the odds were against him, or that two epauletts might be more attractive than one, solicited permission to dine on shore—a permission which was not withheld, as Burton threw out a politic hint that the advice of the veteran might be turned to present advantage.

Burton had scarcely closed the door of the cabin, before he cried out in the steerage passage—"I say, sergeant, send *my* boy aft, and one of the 'party,' if you please, to pipe-clay my white pantaloons."

"Pass the word for'ard for the boy Barnes," cried the sergeant.

"Sing out there for Skillegalee-Jack," said a saucy top-man, hauling up the slack of his trowsers.

"Him mus'na come—him turning a pit," cried the captain's black cook, with that air of authority so peculiar to the sable race when in office.

From all outward signs, the boy certainly seemed better calculated to turn the spit, than ever to succeed in the higher walks of the profession; and, so far, the intuitive instinct of the savage at the coppers, proved a better guide in determining the bent, and perhaps, capabilities, of the ill-starred urchin, than the more aspiring pretensions of his affectionate parents; who,

very judiciously, as it had been whispered, sent him to sea to learn manners.—The first week, however, he had instinctively discovered the galley to be his province.—Here, by a total negligence of his person, (notwithstanding the inspection and drill, to which boys are subject in the service twice-a-day) and a ready acquiescence in the various drudgeries imposed by his black superior, he had become a domiciled favourite; and his services frequently preferred to those of youths less ambitious.—And here a reflection may suggest itself, on the prevailing taste in officers of the navy for African attendants. It has been the fashion ever since the days of Benbow—no inglorious epoch, by the by. Were we in the habit of hunting for something *recherché*, in the shape of a precedent, this practice with respect to poor *Quamino*, who, all the world knows, often proudly traces his lineage up to sable royalty itself, might be supposed to originate in the classical recollection, that the vain glorious Romans imagined their

voluptuous dainties acquired a higher relish when served up to table by royal captives.—As to some of the “births” occupied on board by our Negro brethren, even the amiable Wilberforce himself might augur, that the appointment originated in humane feeling.—But as to the cook, *Jack* uniformly and artlessly attributed it to the “*Negur*” being born in the torrid zone, and therefore better able by “natur” to bear the burning fervours of a galley-fire in the dog-days.

From reflections far less philosophical than the preceding, our lieutenant was roused by hearing the bell strike seven.*

What ! Powers that be ! is that seven bells ? —only half an hour to rig and run ashore.—Come, Lively,” said he to his boy, who had reluctantly relinquished his post of honour to another youngster—“Come,—send the barber aft in a minute.”

“Aye, aye, Sir,” said the same loquacious

* Seven bells half-past three.

top-man, who happened to be standing at the fore part of the steerage passage, and who appeared to be one of those “privileged men,” or rather licensed wits, that may be found in every ship in the service.—“Pass the word there for ‘Lathering Bob.’—Tell him to bear a hand aft: the second lieutenant wants his muzzle-lashing off in a crack.”

“I’ll muzzle you, Sir,” said Burton, “if I hear any more of that sort of *singing out* about the decks;” when, retiring to the gun-room, he continued as he rummaged his pockets, “I say, steward, did you see my keys any where?—But it’s ever the way when one’s in a hurry.—Come, Mister Purser, no tricks upon travellers;—these sort of practical jokes are very well in a midshipman’s birth;—besides, they are but a poor recompense for my performance of your duty.”

“My duty!” replied the purser, in a cynical tone,—“I’m on the doctor’s list.—Some one must have taken the ‘demand’ for beef on

shore, or we should have had no fresh grub to have stopped your grumbling mouth."

"Pleaze, Sir, all the black'ng's out this week past," interrupted Burton's domestic, drawling out his words monosyllabically.

This intelligence was quickly succeeded by another of almost as pleasing a nature.—The marine to whose fostering charge the lieutenant's holyday inexpressibles had been consigned, appeared at the gun-room door with a woeful face, and preluding with a scratch of the head, reported — "The pantaloons, Sir, are rather out o' condition.—They must have been put by wet and got mildewed.—Besides, Sir, here's an ugly blotch of port wine in front.—I've been trying to coax it out with a little hot pipe-clay, but I can't come it.—I was thinking, if so be, Sir, as you must wear 'em, that you'd better keep a small bit of pipe-clay in your pocket, and touch 'em now and again as soon as they gets dry enough; but you'd better let them be, till you gets in the wind."

“ In the wind !—curse you, I believe you’re all in the wind.”

Some one with hurried foot came tumbling down the after ladder, and announced, “ Sir, there’s a whift* flying ashore, and the first lieutenant thinks it for you.”

The rapid announcement of one calamity after the other, (for calamities they must all be considered by a man in a hurry), strongly reminded him of the perplexities of that pattern of patience mentioned in sacred history, and he resolved to bear all his misfortunes with the equanimity of his parallel ; but unluckily this composure was destined to be short lived, for in his eagerness to expedite his dressing, he the next moment thrust his heel right through his stocking. The weight of his woes, aggravated by this additional interruption, overcame all his self-possession, and with a hearty imprecation he shouted out, “ What next ?—any more of *Job’s* comforters ?”

* Whift.—An ensign tied up transversely, so as to fly folded up at the extremity nearest to the mast, or flag-staff.

Irritated as he was by these occurrences, what must have been the effect produced on his too sensitive ear by the report of a gun, or, as ladies would denominate it, a cannon from the shore? Another of the messengers alluded to, determined not to lose this too fortunate opportunity of trying his temper, “sung down” the skylight, “Mr. Hasty says *that’s* for you, Sir, and you’ll be too late for dinner ”

The report of the gun was echoed by a crash below, arising from the violent contact with the beams above of a boot-jack, which lay too conveniently close to the hand of the irritated lieutenant, as he hove it at the messenger’s head, exclaiming, “and *that’s* for you, young fellow.”

The pantaloons were again exhibited, whilst Lively prostrated the tawney-coloured boots at his feet. This was too much for his philosophy. It was impossible, he thought, to make his appearance before the sex in such shabby attire. Not a lawyer’s clerk at assizes—not a barber’s

apprentice parading Hyde Park on a Sunday—or a Jew rigged out on the shabbash in some of his best saleable second-hand clothes, thought he, but must appear more gay and debonair in the eyes of the sex.

“D——n it,” cried Hasty, opening the skylight hatch, “you’re as long bedizening as a bride, and all for that old buffer on the hill.—One would think you were bracing up for a ball; or rigging out for a levee of syrens.—Come, better bear a hand, the people are going to supper presently, and then we won’t be able to spare you a boat.”

“Spare!” said Burton, “that’s just *like* you; it’s long before you’d spare one *even* a bottle of blacking, and when I do go on shore, (which is seldom enough,) I *should* like to support the character of the cloth.”

“Well—rather than have a cannonading from the old boy’s battery ashore, I’ll rig you out to the nines. But here we have it,” continued Hasty, moving from the skylight, and pointing

his glass out of one of the port-holes, in the direction of the cottage—"here we have it, for there comes the gunner with a red-hot poker."

Having so said, he despatched his servant for the necessary essentials for Burton, premising in a whisper—"By no means let him have my best shore-going swab."

This intimation given with respect to the poker, was no false alarm, for the conclusion of Hasty's speech was accompanied by a reverberation of echoes from the neighbouring hills, which sufficiently testified that much longer delay would be fatal to the festivities of the evening.

"What a provoking hurry!" cried Burton.

"On deck there!" cried the captain, through his sky-light, which was usually kept open when the weather was fine—"What guns are those firing?—Any thing in distress in the offing?"

"No, Sir!" replied Hasty, "only Mr. Burton in distress for time and togs—I've relieved him from one embarrassment—perhaps you'll extricate him from another, and save time, by

allowing the gig to land him.—Indeed, it may be best for ourselves,” added the first lieutenant, rather drily; “for the old gentleman ashore seems so peppery, I should’nt wonder if the next gun was shotted !”

“Come, Hasty,” said the captain, “that’s rather a wild conjecture—but it’s not fair to taunt poor Burton—he may yet have the laugh against you.—Man the gig, and land him at once, and tell him to say something civil to the old gentleman for me.”

With one spring from his cabin-door, on to the gun-room table; a vault upon deck, aided by the rim of the skylight, he hastily descended the brig’s side, and jumped into the boat, ere she had been completely manned. But his flight was not unattended by defeat; for the boat had hardly reached her destination half-way, when he thought he perceived the coxswain eyeing his dress with a significant look, as if he had detected his borrowed plumage.

“Why, coxswain,” said Burton, “you seem

to be overhauling my rigging very closely—is there any thing amiss?”

“ I doesn’t exactly know, Sir; but it looks to me, Sir, as if you’d carried away the weather topping-lift of your trowsers—the lee-leach, you see, Sir, is as slack as water.”

“ Curse it! if I hav’n’t carried away my braces springing up that infernal skylight.—Back water your starboard oars—no, avast there—give way again—won’t do to go back to the brig—I’ll make shift with one o’yours.”

“ *Mine*, Sir !” said the coxswain, startled at the lieutenant’s entertaining the idea that a sailor ever wore a suspender in his life—“ *Mine*, Sir !—I hope you don’t take me for a soger, Sir !—I never wants any thing to keep the eyes of *my* rigging from slipping down over the hounds o’ the mast.—But here’s a bit o’ rope yard in the bottom o’ the boat.”

“ Why, Bill,” said the bowman, “ there’s a piece of dry parceling in the locker abaft, as ’ill make a good preventer-brace on a pinch.”

“That’s right, Jones,” said the lieutenant, brightening up at the bowman’s suggestion—“that’s right, my man—put me in mind to-morrow to give you a glass of grog for the thought.”

“Eye,—eye, Sir,” cried Jones, with good-humoured dryness—“*I’ll* freshen your memory, if *you’ll* only freshen the nip.”

Casting a glance once more at the flag-staff on shore, and dreading any further expenditure of powder from that quarter, he was fain to avail himself of the bowman’s substitute, and consult the coxswain, instead of his mirror, as to his appearance. That arbiter of fashion, after examining the lieutenant as fastidiously as a boatswain would a ship, when employed in a boat ahead, squaring yards, and repeating the usual commands on such occasions—

“Top away on your starboard lift—now lower a little o’ your larboard—hold-on of all—there you are, Sir,”—concluded with the consolatory assurance that all was now “square by the lifts

and braces, and every thing taught fore-and-aft."

Despite of the embarrassments which accompanied the making up of his toilette, all which might well be considered to operate as a drawback upon his personal appearance, Burton, though like many a beau of the first water, in clothes not his own; might be pronounced a gentleman-like, and, as the phrase runs, a well-looking fellow. If we were not convinced that those who may peruse these pages will be of a class above ordinary readers of romance, we might have achieved the task of describing him in a strain of hyperbole suited to the too prevalent taste of our day, thus—"The enamoured lieutenant was above the middle height, and though rather slender, well-proportioned. His step was elastic, his carriage commanding; an ingenuous candour diffused itself over his features, which were finely turned—intelligence sat upon his expanded forehead, and in moments of mirth or relaxation, a sparkling vivacity beamed from

those dark eyes which in other moods had been seen to inspire confidence in the bosom of his companions in arms, and awaken terror in the foe."—This 'might suit some palates, but the appetite for viands so highly seasoned in persons of taste begins to pall. We prefer the more modest mode of attempting a short description in a very few negatives, and are prepared to admit merely that he was not of that class of men so often seen lounging in Regent-street all day in gentle couples, disguised like Jew *Rabbi*, with a profusion of long hair on their faces, and still longer spurs of the order "PEDESTRIAN," on boots fated never to bestride their master's horse; nor yet one of those sprigs of fashion seen nightly lounging in Hudson's or Pontet's, smoking with all the gravity of Turks the well husbanded cigar, in order to kill time cheaply, or mope away the hours devoted by men of sense to cheerful conversation after dinner, or that national English predilection for the comforts of the family fire-side circle.—In a word,

he was neither a fool nor a fop ; and yet, 'bating' all these disadvantages, he seemed not a very unlikely man to cut out his own fortunes, or what is pretty much the same now-a-days, make his way among the women.

The boat had already been beached, and with a light step on shore and injunction to the coxswain to remind the first lieutenant to send a boat for him at gun fire, he ploughed his way almost knee-deep through the shingle, and ascended to the cottage.

The consciousness that the general movements must have been all distinguished from the veteran's window, and that the scrutinizing eye of Crank had brought his favourite telescope to bear upon his person as he approached the shore, by no means contributed to allay his anxiety as to an appropriate apology for his delay.—The petty embarrassments which caused it, could not even have been hinted at.—He had, therefore, to draw on the fertility of his imagination, which alternately suggested that the boats had all

been despatched for water—that one of the gig's thawts had been carried away in the morning—that the carpenter took longer to repair it than expected—and, finally, that there was some difficulty in obtaining leave from his captain at so busy a period.—From all concern on this head he was relieved by the unaffected cordiality of his reception—Crank contenting himself with simply stating in allusion to the shots fired, that it was always his maxim afloat, when folk were either napping, or slack in stays in answering a signal, to open their ears, as well as their eyes, with a gun.

CHAPTER III.

THE COTTAGE.

A ship's a sailor's house, d'ye see.

Sea Song.

THERE was a peculiarity in the construction of the cottage, which, however at variance with the prevailing taste in architecture, harmonized precisely with the wants and wishes of its proprietor. The apartments were all on the ground floor, Crank having, as he expressed it, served so long in a *liner*, and being so sickened of tumbling down hatchways, and trotting up ladders, that he was determined to end his days under a single-decked roof, and to have every thing in it

flush fore-and-aft ; in which sentiment, if such it may be called, every officer who has served on board a similar ship will assuredly sympathize.

The dining and drawing rooms communicated with each other ; but their occasional separation, which, in any other man's house, would have been effected by doors, were here accomplished, at the proprietor's express desire, by what he termed two "*sliding-gunters*." These were pannels running in grooves within the walls, and were constructed of massive mahogany—Crank asserting that "thick bulk-heads were, in many respects, very conducive to comfort, not only keeping out wind and weather, but what, in his mind, was of greater importance—'woman's talk.' "

The furniture in these rooms was arranged with that nautical nicety so peculiar to the profession. The chairs were of a cottage pattern ; but where the votary of music would have preferred a lyre, the spirit of the tar broke out in

substituting for their backs the more appropriate emblem of the "foul-anchor," which in either morning visits, or after dinner, frequently furnished an illustrative topic for the information of his rustic and gaping visitors. The floor, as is usual in admiral's cabins, was covered with green baize; and a splendid "Union Jack," worked in worsted by the hands of the fair Emily, served the ostensible purpose of a rug, and concealed the inhospitable hearth.—Inhospitable—it however was; for Crank had a seaman's prejudice on the subject, and would not for worlds have suffered friend or foe to tread on it. The preservation of this singular regulation was pregnant with much difficulty, and an occasional remonstrance from his sister as to its absurdity, with respect to a hearth-rug; which, in all other houses, she argued was the very centre of social comfort. To this his constant rejoinder was—"Damme, it shall never be said where *I've* the command, the Union-Jack of old England was trampled under foot."—This

served him as summer logic, but with the approach of winter the enthusiast found his ground no longer tenable, and was obliged to enter into a compromise, not without a passing regret as to the honour of the flag, by laying it up in ordinary for four months in the year.

As things stood now, “a preventer-brace” of brass surrounded it, as if to warn the incautious stranger this was consecrated ground. The curtains were of mazarine blue, and, under the superintendence of Crank, were fitted by Tiller with regular “buntlines” and “leech-lines,” like those attached to the courses of a ship. Indeed the fitting of these curtains not only drew forth from the veteran’s sister many a remonstrance, but was a source of constant warfare between them; one wishing them made more congenial to modern taste, whilst the other would frequently accompany his determination on the subject with an earnest asseveration that, “as long as the breath was in his body, every cur-

tain in the cottage should clew and brail-up, man-o'-war fashion."

A handsome brass bracket projected from the wall on a scroll, the purpose of which, in its present state, it was not now easy to divine; but, whenever an attack of gout assailed his master, Tiller was wont to affix thereto a tail block, or pully, through the sheeves of which he reeved a regular topping-lift of silken cordage connected with the falling leaf of the patient's chair, so that he could either raise or lower the afflicted member at his pleasure; if we may be pardoned for the profanation of using the term *pleasure*, under circumstances of such exquisite pain.

Proof impressions of the most celebrated naval battles, by *Loutherbourg*, and exquisite sea views by *Vernet*, in costly frames, fantastically carved with conch-shells, tritons, and dolphins *en suite*, adorned the walls of both apartments. In the intervals between the pannels, portraits of

the favourite naval heroes of his time were most appropriately introduced.—High above the rest, and in the post of honour, stood in massive gilding, a spirited representation in water-colours, by an able artist, under the anxious suggestion and critical correction of the captain himself (albeit, not a draughtsman), of the ever memorable victory of the twelfth of April, (1782) at the moment the Count *De Grasse* had struck to the gallant Rodney.

At the opposite end of the drawing-room, on a handsomely-mounted marble slab, taken from the grotto of Antiparos by his boat's crew, whilst he was employed in protecting our trade in the Levant, stood a complete model of a first-rate-man-of-war ; on ordinary occasions, covered by a frame of plate-glass, edged with blue and gold. On festive occasions, when uncovered, a polite intimation on Tiller's best crow-quill hand was appended, advertising the unwary to beware in the following characteristic words :

*“ Landsmen and Lubbers are requested not
to come within a Boat-hook’s length of
the
BOYNE.”*

The window blinds were, like the cottager’s chest of drawers,

———“ Contrived a double debt to pay.”

and being covered on the inside with charts of the Channel, the West Indies, Levant, and Cattegat ; either excluded, as Crank jocosely would say, “ the light when too strong, or threw a light on the subject, when lubbers were in the dark.”—Indeed so deeply devoted to his profession was the veteran, that he could not dispense with an allusion to it in the minutest details of his household.—Every bell-pull was an anchor—on every door-nob grinned a Triton, or other sea-monster ;—and in a handsome emblematic entablature over the curtain of the oriel window, where Britannia was represented

as receiving the homage of the marine divinities ; by some characteristic perversity, old Neptune, instead of being in an appropriate posture of deference, occupied by far the most prominent place in the group ; and shook, rather too triumphantly, his trident *over* the head of the endeared emblem of our native land.

CHAPTER V.

“CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.”*

And there's a Novel!

* * * *

Will rose in declamation.—“Tis the bane,”

Says he, “of youth—’tis perdition :

It fills a giddy female brain

With vice, romance, lust, terror, pain,—

With superstition.”

GEO. COLMAN.

A RAPID survey of the apartments and their embellishments, served to give our young friend a tolerable insight into the character of his host. However singular the mode which he had adopted to shew his veneration for the service, the ardour which must have dictated it could

* D'Israeli, Sen.

not fail to entitle him to the esteem of a young officer devoted, as he had been, from boyhood to the profession of his choice.

The dinner party consisted of the veteran's sister already mentioned, Emily, a Miss Wilson, and a favourite intimate, or *ami de la maison*, who, though professionally engaged in the composition of drugs, had almost as marvellous a talent at the detection and decomposition of culinary effluvia, as the celebrated yet unhappy Accum himself; or, in common parlance, could scent a good dinner, during an afternoon's ride, as staunchly as ever fox-hound did the fresh traces of reynard. It was his custom on all occasions, when the scent lay well, to make a circuit, as if in pressing haste, to a remoter patient, and carefully time his return so as to catch the family on the eve of dinner. In the present instance, however, he was an invited guest, and in all the dignity of both medical adviser and confidant of the family, took his seat, according to arrangement, by the lady of

the house. In the selection of her friend, Emily had disdained the trite maxim of feminine politics, never to introduce a rival into the field, but in that much conned code, she had artfully enough preserved its spirit, and selected her fair companion for the day from amongst the less lovely daughters of Eve. A school intimacy between the girls had ripened into that description of friendship, if such a convenient *liaison* can be called, so usual in "each shade of many coloured life," compounded of gentle acquiescence on one part, and condescending patronage on the other. However dissimilar the aspect of the parties in such intimacies, the object and end are almost invariably the same, and may be said to be comprised in that expressive monosyllable, *self*.

The soup had hardly been served, when the captain, casting an ominous glance at his sister, exclaimed—

"'Pon my word, sister, this savours strongly of the fore-hold.—Why, Thomas," said he,

turning to his faithful dependant, “*you* know if the cook of the *Grampus* had sent up such soup to the cabin as this, he would have walked the weather netting for a whole dog-watch.”—Then, addressing the lieutenant, he apologized by saying—“But, Sir, this is not one of our jubilee-days.”

“I’m sure,” said Mrs. Crank, interrupting the captain, “my brother may spare himself any further apology, when the gentleman must be aware we were rather *taken* by surprise.—But it all comes from the captain’s preference for pea-soup, though he knows it takes such a long time in preparation ”

To relieve his hostess from this assailant, Burton politely invited her to take wine.

“Aye, aye, Thomas, put the wine on the table,” said Crank—“decanted as I ordered?—Take Madeira, I believe, sister?” accompanying the interrogatory with a significant glance at Tiller, and two or three tugs at the cape of his coat.—“understand, Thomas?”

The signal was not only seen but understood by 'Tiller, who repeated it with the same precision as a frigate in the fleet, Tiller's right hand pulling his collar emphatically three times, and placing at the head and foot two decanters of wine, to say the least of them, obviously of two very different vintages. Burton, who was expert at all the art and mystery of exchanging signals at sea, amused himself in endeavouring to detect the secret cypher of this correspondence. Had it been three flags one above the other, differently coloured or diagonally cut, some probable inference might have been drawn as to the general subject of communication. But three tugs of the collar of a man's coat had about as much meaning to him on shore, as if he had seen three match-tubs traced up to the brig's mast head. That there was something in the wind, he was convinced; but as it was a private signal, and evidently not meant for him, he was content, for the present, to bridle his curiosity, hoping that some clue might yet be

given to its development. But, for the information of the reader, it will here be proper to intimate that a practical piece of economy had lately been introduced at Camperdown Cottage, which consisted in the substitution of "*Cape*" for a better order of wine, whenever the veteran was observed to grasp the cape of his coat ; for in bottling off their last pipe of port, it was agreed between both Tiller and his master, that "good wine was thrown away upon women."

For a few moments there was a pause, when Crank put a question to the lieutenant, which doubtless was suggested by the association of ideas on a subject uppermost in his mind.

"I suppose, Mr. Burton, you've changed your numerals very often since *my* day.—What's number one now?"

Here Senna, seeing an opportunity for a little trite waggery, expressed his surprise at the question, observing, that ever since the creation, number *one* always meant one-self.

"Come," cried Crank, "it's not often you

put in your oar before the decks are cleared, doctor ; but there you're at home, for no one can keep a sharper look out for that signal than yourself.—But seriously, I wish, Mr. Burton, you would sketch me a copy of the present code—though, I suppose, letting fly the top-gallant-sheets, like two blocks and a marling-spike, both stand for the same thing still ?”

Here Emily, imagining the conversation was dipping too deep into nauticals for the taste of her female friend, struck off at a tangent to a more familiar subject, and said—

“ I should think you gentlemen of the navy must have plenty of time for literary pursuits ?”

“ Oh, plenty, my dear,” said Crank—“ particularly when beating off a lee-shore with hatches batten'd down.—Eh, Mr. Burton—had her there, eh ?”

“ Why, Sir, these are things in which the ladies afford us little sympathy.—There is no romance with them in any thing short of a shipwreck.”

“Romances!” cried Crank, “for heaven’s sake don’t talk of them—I hate them,” and then glancing at his sister, added—“they’re worse than those tracts of yours.—Their high-flying phrases turn young women’s heads end-for-end, and make them as sentimental and squeamish as Berbadian creoles.—Besides, I can’t abide your shining suns and shady bowers.—D’ye think the reader cares a pin whether the sun rose in a blaze, or set in a bank?—*—And after all their sickening stuff about darting beams, and bursting billows, and such like shore-going trash, they invariably omit to mention the most *material* point!”

“Pray what may that be, uncle?” asked Emily, with excited curiosity.

“*What?*—why the *wind*, to be sure!”

“Right, Sir, right,”—exclaimed Burton, ready to choke with laughter.

“To be sure, Sir,” said Crank, imagining the

* Fog-bank.

laugh was all on his side.—“Mark the wind—may make a pretty sure guess at the weather.—Never want more, when Tiller calls me in the morning, than to tell me the quarter it’s in.—Enough for me—regulates my rigging for the day.”

“Yet, Sir, I should apprehend,” said Senna, drawling out his words in a pompously pedantic tone—“that the gout was often as a—symptomatic of the weather as the wind.—The a—body, I assure you, is no bad barometer.—Though, to be sure, there *are* winds which, by-the-by, philosophically speaking, from their pestiferous property, should rather come under the a—denomination of what we naturalists term blasts—but there *are* winds, or blasts, I should say, felt, if I mistake not, at Falkland’s Island, which a——”

“What the devil, doctor, do *you* know about the Falkland Islands?” interrupted Crank.

“Why, Sir, the philosophic mind, as the divine Cowper says,” glancing at Mrs. Crank,

“ ‘sucks intelligence from every source.’—And if we may depend on the a—topography of the place, the—a——”

“The *what?*” cried Crank.—“Why damn it, doctor, that’s something like double Dutch coiled against the sun!”

“A legitimate phrase, I fancy?” said Senna, appealing to Burton for assent.—“Yes, Sir, if the topography of the Pacific be correct, the island is subject to periodical visits—or, I should rather say,” again eyeing Mrs. Crank, “visitations of Providence which considerably tend to increase the a—bills of mortality.”

“The bills of mortality!” said Emily. “I thought they extended not beyond the confines of London?”

“Possibly, *Miss*.—But I assure you the blasts in question, mow down the grass like a scythe—parch up the leaves of the trees—fish, flesh, and fowl, are alike subject to their fatal effects.—The latter are seized with cramps, from which they never recover.—Neither fric-

tion, nor a—antispasmodics are of any avail—swine are suffocated—adults drop down with a sort of throttling in the thorax, and children die with the croup, accompanied with acute catarrhal symptoms !”

“ Gracious Heaven !” exclaimed Mrs. Crank, “ so fearful a visitation from Providence must originate in divine vengeance at their heathenish wickedness.—Are not all those islanders rank idolaters ?”

Senna was too much a sceptic on some of the doctrinal points here embraced, to be caught in so formidable a concession.—He had a polite waiver in all such cases, which left every point at issue open, and to this he had recourse in the present instance.—

“ Possibly, Madam,” said he, resuming his subject,—“ and if we can place any reliance on the authority of Gregory—(Gregory, I mean, on the Economy of Nature—the divine doctor, as designated by *us* lovers of truth,” here laying a peculiar emphasis on the word ‘*us*,’ ac-

accompanied by a glance at the lady, which would have been the making of any recruiting officer) —“ If we can safely take him as authority—there is some reason to suppose that electricity, and a chemical knowledge of the a—atmospheric fluid, have, in some degree, improved our imperfect acquaintance with aerial currents.”

“ Currents !” cried Crank—“ Why d——n it, man, I was talking of winds—I suppose you’ll next touch on the tides?—I tell you what it is, *I* don’t want Doctors of either Physic or Divinity to teach me the effects of the wind or weather on either man or beast !”

“ No, I assure you,” said Emily, smiling, “ my uncle is something like Hamlet—‘ When the wind’s southerly, he knows a hawk from a handsaw.’ ”

“ Where did you come by that precious phrase ? That’s more of your romance stuff,” pettishly exclaimed the old gentleman.

“ Well, brother,” said Mrs. Crank, in a conciliatory tone,—“ I must confess, though no

friend to the general tendency of romances, they are certainly very often replete with instances of poetical description.”

“Poetical description!” exclaimed Crank, “stuff—I hate your rhymers.—We’d a fellow of that sort in the old *Ram*,* whose rhymes so turned his brain, that I’m shot, if he didn’t plan a project to set fire to the ship, merely to have an opportunity of describing the effect of the flames on the water.—What d’ye think of your poetry now?—Had her there, Sir, eh?”

“Nay,” replied Senna, “that’s arguing from an a—abuse of the art, to the art itself.”

“What’s that you say, Sir?” said Crank, sharply.

“He is contending,” returned Burton, “that the insanity of the poet, in this instance, is no argument against poetry itself.—Though, to be sure, as Fielding says, ‘*Monsieur Romance* performs his surprising tricks of dexterity.’”

* A familiar abbreviation for *Ramilies*.

“Well, but there’s your great poet, Pope,” said Crank, “who tells us ‘whatever *is*, is right.’—Now, was it right for poor Captain Towlins’ agent to break with two thousand pounds of his client’s money in his pocket?—Was *that right*?—I think that’s a poser for your poetry!—Put to the question—we’re yawing* from our course.—Do they ever mention one word about the wind?”

“Wouldn’t you think, uncle,” said Emily, “a description of the bearing of the wind very silly in such a passage as that which I was reading this morning?—I think it ran thus,” added she, hemming to recollect herself, and she proceeded, assuming a softened tone—“ ‘It was a lovely summer’s evening.—The sun had sunk behind the western hills with more than usual splendour.—A softened roseate tinct had diffused itself over the landscape, which was in effect but a faint reflection of the gorgeous glory

* Digressing.

of the vault above.—In fact, it was one of those moments so favourable to thought and reflection, when it may be said nature itself stands still.’—What would you think, now, of such a description being spoilt by the writer introducing his nautical knowledge to inform the excited reader that the wind was nor-west and by east, or whatever you may term it?”

“Avast there, my dear, with your nor-west and by east.—You ought to have your ears boxed for not knowing better how to box your compass.—But I think all that preamble might as well be saved, and say at once, it was a fine summer’s evening, with a light air from the westward.—It would have spared the reader a deuced deal of time, and, no doubt, the writer a vast deal of knitting of brows and bothering of brains.—And as for nature standing *still*—I think I see the sun bringing up with his lower limb under the lee of a cloud for twenty-four hours, or the moon heaving-to with *his* horns on his head, because some unfortunate frail one

happened to be seized with a fit of *reflection* after dishonouring her husband and disgracing herself.—No, no, none o' your romances for me—give me Roderick Random—Peregrine Pickle, or something of that sort of stamp—there you've nature to a tee—naked to the life. That Smollet was a d——d clever fellow—I'm told, too, he was little better than a loblolly-boy—but those pestle-and-mortar gentlemen are frequently long-headed folk—raise a mutiny in a ship as soon a blister.”

Whether this was intended by way of a side-shot or not at Senna, it would be injudicious to interrupt the narrative here to determine, but certain it was, many questionable looks were exchanged at table. Crank, however, unconscious, or affecting not to feel the force of his remark, continued thus addressing his niece :

“ Come, *Miss Emily*, let's try you on another tack.—Thomas, fetch me that book you'll find face down on the drawing-room table, with the condemned mark on the back.”—Then, taking

the volume from Tiller, he continued —“ Aye, here we have ’em thick and dry—what d’ye all think of this?” said he, as he proceeded to read aloud a passage in a playfully pompous tone—“ Now *mind* ye, this is from a work professing to call itself a *Naval* novel—

“ ‘And breasting her broad-bow to the billows, she dauntlessly cut through the foaming fluid, as the huge ship *bore up*, gallantly *against* the wind.’—

“ Now, doesn’t that sound very fine!—Bump-a-bump-a-bump—and what is it after all?—Why downright nonsense!—Who ever heard of a ship *bearing up* in the *wind’s* eye.—But here we have it again—‘ And whilst she *frowned full* upon her foe, she belched forth a flood of fire and smoke, accompanied by a *bel-lowing* roar, that mocked the surly moanings of the sleepy ocean.’—Now, mind the folly of this.—Here’s a fellow talking about a *foaming* fluid, when, almost in the same breath, he tells you the sea was asleep—wonder it wasn’t snor-

ing—! Well, now, what's the English for all this belching and bellowing?—Why, that one ship hove up in the wind, as she crossed her adversary's hawse on the opposite tack, and poured in a raking broadside, that sent her staggering astern.—But another of these chaps, I recollect, tells us, when describing the destruction of two Turkish vessels by fire—that ‘the burning ships were checked by a sudden wind—they turned *half* round—seemed to reel and *shake*! then down they went with a *bubble* and a *hiss*!’*—Now, had the fellow only left their sticks above water, he might have compared their foundering on fire to the fizzing of a red-hot poker thrust in a pot of porter.—But, perhaps you think I exaggerate.—Believe your own eyes,” said the veteran, handing the lieutenant the volume, and flinging his spectacles on the table in a pet.

* Should there be any anachronisms by possibility here, the parties most interested doubtless will not fail to point them out—suffice it to say, it was not at *Navarino*.

“ Ah ! these are sad prozers, Sir,” said Burton.

“ Prozers, Sir ! I don’t know what they are—for there’s nothing in their noddles but trash.—They put me in mind of a collier in a head-sea—kicking up a bobbery under the bows, and making a great foam and froth without advancing a fathom a-head in a watch.”

“ Well, but, uncle, you must allow that another of these novelists presents us with a glowing and spirited painting of a naval engagement ?”

“ Aye, aye, I remember the passage ; pretty painting indeed !—I call it daubing.—I wonder what the Lords of the Admiralty would think of an official despatch filled with long rigmaroles of the ‘ deep blue sea being dyed with blood,’ and such romance-like trash—wouldn’t their lordships be justified in superseding the writer for insanity ?—How much better a letter of this sort would look in the gazette—‘ Sir—I have to request you will be pleased to inform my

Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty—(for you must know, I hate your hacknied way of broaching the business by a prayer)—that at noon, this day, when standing on the starboard tack, lat. and longitude so-and-so,—wind, sowest-and-by-west (mind the necessity of *that*), I discovered the enemy's fleet broad on the lee-beam—made the signal for battle—bore up in a line a-breast—broke the line—found, after four hours action, yard-arm and yard-arm, fifteen, as per margin, of the enemy's fleet had struck.—Inclosed is a list of killed and wounded.—I have the honour to be, &c. &c.'—There you have it, short and sweet.—That's my idea of the thing.—Besides, don't you think that fifteen sail of the line, standing into Portsmouth harbour, with the British flag flying *over* the French, says more on the subject than a volume as big as the Bible?—Come, pass the wine, Mr. Burton."

Hitherto it might be said, in the captain's own phrase, it was all 'plain-sailing' with him;

he had had it all his own way ; but this allusion, or any of a similar nature, was sure to awaken a discord in the family concert.—Notwithstanding the eager volubility with which he was pursuing a favourite sentiment, he perceived his error, by the compressed lip and enlarging dimensions of his sister-in-law, as she drew up with all the marks of offended feeling at the unnecessary, and because unnecessary, profane, allusion to sacred writ. In his present state of excitement, any interruption was not to be endured. Although rapidly hurrying to the climax, he resolved, somewhat at the expense of his consistency, to evade rather than contest the point ; and the fair champion had hardly entered the lists, by saying she could not see any possible justification for so very improper, and so unprofitable an allusion to that venerated volume, when he *eagerly* interrupted her—

“ Well ! well, sister : allow me just this once ; and if you’ll take but a turn with your

tongue * for a few minutes, I'll not only agree with you in what you *have* said, but in what you *may* say for the next six months."—And then resuming his subject, he concluded his oration—"As for my part, I never look at a long-winded despatch without dreading to come to the conclusion; for they are mostly either a mere pretext for self praise, or a lame apology for losing a laurel."

Burton, who had alternately felt disposed to join in the triumph of his host, or to laugh at his dexterity in parrying his sister's interruptions, partly with a view to prevent a repetition of the latter, and partly through a desire to display an equal jealousy for the honour of the service, assured the captain, that though he had looked at the passage, he could see nothing in it but sheer ignorance; whilst in a passage of another author, which he had lately looked over, he had detected the most palpable, unmerited,

* Hold-fast.

and malignant libel, on the character of our seamen, ever yet published.

Tiller, who had contented himself with taking only that respectful part in the ‘entertainment,’ sanctioned by the usages of ‘polite domestics,’ consisting of a subdued smile, or a significant shrug, now stood with his eyes distended, his mouth half open, and his body inclined towards the lieutenant, so as to form an angle of about twenty-three degrees out of the perpendicular, in an attitude of anxious attention. Burton took from his pocket his tablets, and proceeded to read, with very marked emphasis, the following extract—

“ ‘ I have had considerable experience in the characters of English seaman, and I’m far from believing them to be that open-hearted, generous, thoughtless race of men, they are imagined to be by those who are not intimately acquainted with them. On the contrary, I know them to be like all uncultivated beings, *knaveish*, *selfish*, and *malevolent* ; and I don’t *hesitate to state*,

that, on observing them off their guard, they will be found to be a *vicious* and *unprincipled* band.' '*

A groan, which startled Senna and the ladies, escaped Tiller at the conclusion of this sentence, who endeavoured to conceal his error by bustling about in his vocation; but such was his want of self-possession, that in placing a caraft of water by his mistress, he over-reached himself, and pressed on her shoulder, who resented this inadvertence by shrinking from him, and exclaiming sharply—"What's the matter—where's the fool lying?"—The poor delinquent, whose copper tinge now gave place to an honest blush of the deepest scarlet, exclaimed with warmth—

"I axes your pardon, Ma'am, but it's not me that's *lying*."

"'Pon my word," said Emily, "Thomas is a wit."

"Rather say a wag," cried Senna, who would

* A similar passage to this appeared in a recent publication.

have entered into a long dissertation on the distinctive shades of difference between wit and waggery, had he not been interrupted by the old gentleman, who forgetting he was the first that introduced the book on the table, desired Emily to order it off, observing, that “books were very well in their way, but should not be crammed down people’s throats with their meals.”

Emily defended herself by saying, that the turn of the conversation had led to their production. “Besides,” said she, “they serve us, like Mr. Burder, with ‘materials for thinking.’”

“Thinking, my dear!—what business have you to *think* at dinner?—No, no, hang thinking—it spoils digestion.—See what it has done for your mother! — But—come, gentlemen, put some wine in your glasses, and I’ll give you a toast, which I’m sure we’ll all drink with pleasure.”

The request being complied with, Crank raised his brimming glass, and, to the surprise

of Burton, who had also filled a bumper, gave a toast which he had by no means anticipated—"Come, I'll give you," said the veteran, "the health of the ladies who are about to leave us."

Burton almost hesitated for a moment whether he should comply with the *will* of his host, clogged as it was by a codicil which cancelled the compliment.—He was, however, too much of a disciplinarian not to comply with the order, yet could not refrain, whilst putting the wine to his lips, from looking an apology to Emily, and dropping so much of the toast as referred to the prospect of losing her society.

"Well!" said Emily, smiling—"it's no wonder gentlemen of the navy are complimented for their gallantry!"

The sarcasm was felt and attempted to be parried by the lieutenant, as he rose to open the door through which Mrs. Crank and the young ladies retired. But he was recalled to his station by the captain, who, in a tone loud enough to be heard by the fugitives, exclaimed

—“ Come, now, let’s make ourselves comfortable for a while, and have a regular set-to at nauticals.—It will be quite a treat, I assure you, Mr. Burton.”

As the conversation assumed a totally different tone the moment the door closed on the ladies, out of compliment to them we shall close this chapter.

CHAPTER VI.

DOCTORS DIFFER.

“These are studies, wherein our noble and gentle youth ought to bestow their time in a disciplinary way.”

MILTON.

“Dispute it like a man.

—— I shall do so :

But I must also feel it like a man.”

MACBETH.

“WELL, now tell me candidly,” said Crank, as soon as Burton had resumed his seat,—“what brought you into such an out-o’-the-way port as this?—you scarcely ever see a man-o’-war bring-up in the *Range*.”

“Why, Sir, the fact is, our captain is a con-

siderate, sensible man; and though the phrase may be rather unpopular in the service,—a sailor's friend.—Our cruize has been none of the shortest—we've had a deal of bad, and particularly wet weather, for the time of year, and some little rest is really essential to the ship's company's health.”

“Then,” cried Crank, “I wasn't very far out in my reck'ning this morning, after all:—you know, I told you, I thought you came in for a skulk—had you there, eh?”

“Pardon me, Sir,” said Burton, assuming a serious tone, “Captain Staunch is actuated by very different motives, I assure you.—He is acknowledged to be one of the most active cruizers in the channel, and as such, seldom puts into port—but when he returns from sea, after a long and harassing cruize, he is more desirous his crew should find harbour a place of rest, than a place of annoyance.”

“Place of *rest*, indeed!—I wonder what the Port-Admiral, at Plymouth, would say to such

lawyer-like logic!—No, no—young man ;—want to make prize-money—you must banish rest from your thoughts.—Agree with me, eh, Doctor ?”

“ Why, Sir,” said Senna, “ it’s an axiom with *us*, that occasional depletion, is not more requisite to the body than repose :—and might I presume to prescribe, I mean,” (said the doctor, recovering from his *lapsus*,) “ to offer, an opinion upon the pint, I should certainly say, that well-timed relaxation—or rather, recreation—for *relaxation* frequently tends to enervate the system, —I should say, well-timed—a—a—recreation, for every thing depends upon timing things well—well-timed recreation might be safely administered—or rather resorted to by way of *sedative* to seamen after a protracted lab—I mean,” said he, again correcting himself—“ a tedious and fatiguing service.”

The absurd pomp with which Senna usually dogmatized, was but little calculated to excite respect for the orator, however fluent the profes-

sional diatribe.—Burton began to discover that most of Senna's science, or more properly speaking, mystery, consisted in the reiteration of technical terms; and an unsuitable application of professional phrase to ordinary topics.—In a word, though he stood on no mean footing in his own estimation, the doctor was but the fag-end of the faculty.

After Senna had finished his oration, Crank exchanging glances with Burton, then staring the apothecary full in the face, exclaimed—“ 'Pon my word, Senna—I think you'd make a capital first Lord of the Admiralty.—Had him there, eh, Mr. Burton ? ”

“ I wish we *had* him there,” said Burton, waggishly—“ for if Lavater may be depended on, the lineaments of reciprocal patronage are so strongly characterized in the doctor's countenance, that I'm sure the merits of his hospitable host would not long remain unrewarded.”

“ Bravo ! bravo ! ” cried Crank—“ Why, Sir, you're brisk as a bottle of ale in the dog-days.—

See, doctor, see what time does !—D—n it, Sir, in my days, a lieutenant, unless it was to clap something into his mouth, never attempted to open it, at any other table than his own.—But I say,” continued the veteran, addressing himself immediately to Burton,—“ I say, let me give you a little friendly advice—don’t let any of the Big-wigs ever hear you even *hint*, that *rest* is essential to seamen.—Work ’em, Sir—work ’em !—that’s the way to have ’em in health—keeps the scurvy out o’ their bones.—Don’t give them time to *think*, and they won’t trouble you with *talk*.—Indulgence indeed !—Mischief you mean !—for the one’s sure to follow the other.—No, no, Sir !—work ’em—work ’em that’s my maxim !”

The emphatic manner in which Crank expressed himself on the subject of the treatment of seamen, had more the effect of putting Burton on his metal, than damping his ardour for debate.—“ I am sorry, Sir,” said he, “ with due deference to your practical experience, that

in this instance, I cannot entirely assent to your maxim.—Why, let me ask you, Sir, should those, who enjoy all the luxuries of the land, and who, during the most tempestuous weather, are lounging on pillows of down, refuse to a ship's company, which, in all probability has been fagging hard to fill the coffers of their superiors, *some* little recreation on returning into port ?'

“ That's all very fine talk, about lounging on pillows of down—but pray how are you to refit your ships, if your system of recreation be adopted ?”

“ Refit, Sir?—With much greater ease, than has ever hitherto been effected in the service, if a proper, and well-matured system, were but once established.—For instance, the moment a ship arrives in port, let her '*wants*' be telegraphed to the Admiral's office, specifying the particular periods when she could probably be in readiness to receive each description of her stores and supplies:—for in the attempt to

execute business of this sort with dispatch, whether it be the fitting out of a frigate or a fleet, as much depends upon *method*, as on time and tide."

"Very good, Sir," said Crank, "though I hate your *Methodists* as I do the devil; I like, in my heart, a methodical man.—Pity that shot didn't rake my sister!—Had she been here, I'd a' had her *there*, eh?—But go on with your system.—Hate all interruption—that's my maxim."

With difficulty Burton could refrain from laughing aloud at the singularity of the veteran's affecting to adopt a precept, which he now plainly perceived to be so little in accordance with his practice.

"Well, Sir," said the lieutenant, resuming his subject, "as soon as a ship had made known her '*wants*,' her stores (so as to suit the *time* and *tide* previously specified) should be shipped into lighters by the labourers of the yard, or the convicts of the hulks: for I maintain, that sea-

going ships should be totally exempt from 'dock-yard duty.'—Were this the case, with vessels so circumstanced, their return into port would be hailed with pleasure by the crews; whilst, according to the existing system, harbour-duty becomes, positively, more harassing and annoying to seamen, when in such ports, than even their arduous duties when cruising at sea.—Your own experience, Sir, must have afforded you opportunities of witnessing, when employed in fitting out at Spithead, or Cawsand Bay, the disheartening scene of a launch* full of men, pulling against a lee-tide† for hours together on a stretch; and at length compelled to give up the 'tug,' and return wet, cold, and comfortless to their ship, without having performed the service for which, as it is technically termed, they were specially '*dispatched*.'—All this waste of toil and time may be fairly attributable, in the first in-

* The long-boat of a ship of war.

† When the wind and tide are adverse to the progress of the boat or vessel.

stance, to want of precaution and forethought in choosing the time judiciously for sending the boats on shore. But this cannot always be attended to—for dock-yard duty must be done in dock-yard hours;—and the party must leave the ship betimes, whether the tide is contrary or otherwise.—This is too often labour lost; and instead of its being any economy of time or expense, (which would appear to be the object in view) the party ‘dispatched’ might have been profitably occupied on board; and the duty effectually performed by the convicts on shore. Indeed, in all cases, the convicts appear to be the persons best adapted for doing shore duty: both because they are at hand on the spot, and that it is desirable the crews of ships just returned from hard service, should not be subjected unnecessarily to the unavoidable drudgery of this particular duty.—But no, Sir, it would appear—at least, if we may judge from the careful anxiety evinced by these (as they may be termed) *custodes morum*—”

“What ship’s *that*?” interrupted Crank.

“I would say, Sir,” continued Burton, with a smile, “that it would appear, the overseers of these disciples of Turpin, Barrington, and company, were more solicitous to promote the health and longevity of this respectable community, than higher authorities were to add to the popularity of the service, or to study the comforts of our seamen.”*

“Why how do you mean, Sir?” asked Crank, assuming a quarter-deck air.

“I mean, Sir,” said Burton, in an easy and unaffected tone, which was strongly contrasted with that of his host, “that should a slight shower of rain even *threaten* to fall upon the hallowed heads of these *colonial* candidates, they are instantly called in under shelter; whilst poor *Jack*, ashore or afloat, is condemned to work in all weathers.”

* It gives us great satisfaction to be enabled to admit, that since the late auspicious change in our naval administration, a highly laudable anxiety has been displayed to increase the comforts of our seamen.

“Work in all weathers! to be sure, Sir,” said Crank.—“See here, Mr. Senna,” for Crank liked not a long argument better than a good auditor—“See here, Sir—blow high, blow low, I’d always find something for seamen to do.—D——n it, Sir, I’d make them polish a two-and-thirty pound-shot; aye, and *blacken* it *again*, after it was *brightened*, rather than let them be growling, or idling about the decks with their hands in their beekets.”

Senna, who possessed the peculiar tact of being able to accommodate his principles to all parties in dispute, whilst preserving the appearance of according with the last speaker, had now recourse to his favourite phrase “*just so*,” which was invariably uttered in a tone of approbation.

“To be sure, Sir!” said Crank, thinking he had the best of the argument—“If you want to rule the seas—you must rule the sailor with a rod of iron.—Work-up *Jack*, as you would old

junk: and the devil's in't, if you don't draw the 'rogue's yarn'* in the end."

"I am sure Mr. Senna will agree with me," said Burton, intending a slight sarcasm at both Crank and the cautious and complaisant apothecary, "that at all times it is better to acknowledge our ignorance than betray it—for I confess, I have yet to learn the principle of justice, upon which the captain would found *his* system of discipline."

"I suppose now," cried Crank, "you think that a regular-built pauler?"†

"No, Sir," returned Burton, in a tone of deference; "I only mean to assert, that upon *your* principle of discipline, you render inoperative, the salutary system of rewards and punishments.—Why impose on any set of men, but particularly seamen, duties, which they

* Rogue's yarn—the white thread in all king's cordage, to detect theft.

† Pauler, or stopper—an unanswerable objection.

themselves know to be useless ; and which must consequently savour of tyranny and oppression ? —What think you, Mr. Senna ?”

“ *Just so,*” replied the dealer in drugs, with a slight nod of approbation at Burton, which, however, escaped the eye of his host.

“ I tell you what it is, young man,” said the veteran, immediately addressing himself to Burton, and in a tone evidently intended to make a deep impression on the mind of the lieutenant—“ *wait* till you grow *grey* in the service, and then you’ll *know* better !”

“ *Just so,*” reiterated Senna, without, however, venturing to assign any reason for thus appearing to agree in opinion with two persons whose sentiments on the same subject were so totally opposite.

Anxious as Burton felt to join the ladies in the drawing-room, he was not altogether disposed to concede to his superior the point in dispute. —“ Whether, Sir,” said he, “ my professional conduct will ensure me the good fortune even to

retain my *name* on the list, much more the *honour* of growing *grey* in the service, my present opinion is likely to remain unchanged on the expediency of allowing to seamen occasional recreational, as well as the impropriety of imposing on them unnecessary and annoying duties.

“How often does it happen that a ship, running in from stress of weather, has scarcely taken up her birth, before the signal is made her to ‘*take the guard*,’ whilst the boats of the ‘*guard-ship*’ (a misnomer by-the-by) are not unfrequently employed pulling ladies about the harbour on parties of pleasure :—to say nothing of the hurry-worry system unnecessarily practised of *pushing* returned ships out of port, scarcely giving time to the officers to get even their clothes washed?”

“*Clothes* washed, indeed!” interrupted the old gentleman, in a tone of astonishment. “Many’s the time, Sir, when on short allowance of both soap and water, I’ve thought it a capital catch,

whenever I succeeded in coaxing the cook out of the pea-soup drainings o' the coppers, to wash my own shirts in *myself*.*—What do you think of *that*, Mr. Senna?"

"I think," replied the apothecary, perceiving that an opportunity was here offered to display his slight smattering of chemistry and botany—"I think, Sir—the—a—vegetable matter contained in the a——"

"Damn the vegetable matter,—but what d'ye think of a fellow being obliged to turn his *own washerwoman*?"

Burton here burst out into a loud laugh—whilst Senna, after pausing some moments, as if evidently at a loss for an appropriate reply, at length ventured to say, that he "thought the captain better calculated to cut a figure in the larder than the laundry."

"Why, yes," retorted Crank, who never lost

* This is no exaggeration—though perhaps a luxury unknown to the *peace-officers* of our service—*aliter*—officers who have entered the navy since the peace.

an opportunity (as he termed it) of ‘*hulling*’ the doctor.’—“ I must say, that ‘*Mangling done here,*’ wouldn’t exactly suit my shop as well as yours—ha ! ha !! ha !!!—Had him there, eh, Mr. Burton ?—Come, pass the wine after that.”

And here we may remark, that Crank’s *double* was not altogether inappropriate—for the apothecary’s predilection for phlebotomy was proverbial ; the lancet was as frequently in his hand as were alkali and acids in his mouth.—Luckily for the richer classes, his practice among them was limited ; and the poor fared better at his hands, or rather at nature’s ; to whose fostering and restorative care, he in most cases of doubt (that is, as to remuneration) abandoned them, as the most economic, and perhaps, he felt from experience, the less dangerous practice.—He treated all distempers, as if originating in over-repletion ; and radically went to work by emptying the pockets of the sufferer, as the surest way to strike at the root of all intemperance.—Thus his prescriptions, like the nostrums of the adver-

tizing portion of the faculty, were adjusted on the principle of a cobbler's last, and served indiscriminately for a variety of patients, very dissimilarly affected. Senna was so far from feeling any thing like compunction on the subject, that he used, on occasion, to assert,—that “it was useless to stand upon trifles with patients, who had the constitutions of horses.”

No sooner had Crank recovered from a sharp fit of coughing, occasioned by too long indulging in his laugh against Senna, than turning to the lieutenant, he exclaimed—“Come, Sir,—say your *say* out—you know, I hate to interrupt a man in the thread of his argument.”

“I was about to observe,” said Burton, “that though many of our *bona fide* ‘grievances,’ had been redressed, in consequence of the regulations introduced into the service, subsequent to the mutiny at the Nore; yet it is to be regretted there still exist in the service so many real annoyances.—For instance, it not unfrequently happens, that some young, fan-

tastic fop of a flag-lieutenant, who in all probability is more *au fait* at fanning a flirt, than spilling a sail, deprives a vessel of a small complement of men ; or perhaps, the best part of her ablest hands, who might be employed in the execution of some indispensable duty on board, because——”

“ Because,” interrupted Crank, in a sneering tone, “ he made the signal to knock-off work *too* soon, I suppose ?”

“ On the contrary,” said Burton,—“ such a thought never enters their heads——”

“ Well, but how do they deprive a vessel of the use of her ablest hands ?”

“ Why, Sir, I have seen instances, where one of these beardless boys, has taken it into his head, in token of his brief authority, to make the signal for a lieutenant to appear at the Admiral’s office, for the sole purpose of copying some such trifling ‘ port-order,’ as—‘ that midshipmen may be permitted to wear round hats on duty ; provided they mount the cockade and

loop.'—Now, Sir, instances of this sort have too frequently occurred, when it has been blowing so fresh, as to require a double-banked boat's-crew, to convey the officer on shore.—And thus it is, I say, that a small vessel, like the *Spitfire*, is liable to have her ablest hands broken-off from an essential duty, because, forsooth, the flag-lieutenant has not the discrimination to perceive that this *important* intelligence might be communicated at any time, and certainly at a period less calculated to excite discontent—to say nothing of the tendency such ill-timed, and capricious interruptions may have, in impeding the progress of a ship when fitting out in haste for some particular service——”

“Come, come—there's something in *that*.—I say, doctor,” said Crank, accompanying the remark with a shrewd nod of his head—“I say, it doesn't appear to me exactly, that Mister Burton wears his brains in his boots.”

“*Just so*,” said the sage disciple of Galen,

who knew the full value of a phrase which meant anything or nothing.

Here Tiller appeared, with an invitation to join the ladies at tea; a proposition cordially received by the lieutenant, whilst the old gentleman, looking at the doctor hesitatingly, inquired whether he might not call for another bottle of claret, before they returned to the ladies.—The doctor, who had his cue on this subject, as well as many others, from the lady of the house, shrugged up his shoulders, and very pedantically, in Burton's mind, quoted from Juvenal, the line :

“ Pauper locupletem optare podagram—”

to prove, that *poor* men only, pine for a paroxysm of gout.—The veteran, conceding credit to the quotation, for containing unanswerable arguments against further vinous indulgence, accordingly arose with his friends, and repaired to the tea-table.

CHAPTER VII.

TRIFLES LIGHT AS AIR.

They gazed upon the sunset ; 'tis an hour
Dear unto all.

BYRON.

THE appearance of the gentlemen was greeted by the smiles of the ladies, who sat round a large window, opening on a green lawn, quietly enjoying an extensive land and sea prospect of singular beauty. The features of the coast were bold and peculiar ; the heights rich in vegetation ; the slopes of the opposite shore were now deeply enveloped in shade, as the sun rapidly approached his decline. In the bay beneath,

lay the brig, gently oscillating to and fro, with the undulating swell of the sea, and scarcely enough wind to agitate her 'long and lazy pennant.' The shadows now stretching along the wooded heights, to the west, were in admirable contrast with the golden glory of the summer sky at sunset. The sea, too, in this direction, was one sheet of sparkling fire, except where the dark forms of the Homistone and Blackstone rocks, were chafed by the swell of the rising tide, and whitened for a moment in its foam. In the extreme distance the Start point caught the eye, dark at its base, and brightening at its summit, by the blaze of retiring day. Scenes like this are too beautiful, and too full of nature's own eloquence not to impose a deferential silence, and repose of spirit, on minds proof against every other appeal. Aided by the climate of this delicious region, the breathing balmy odours of that hour, she never fails to reassert her dominion over our dispositions, however indurated by attrition with the world ;

and speaking through the eye, awakens and re-animates every better feeling of the heart. It is not then to be wondered at, that during those few moments of twilight, which may be denominated the last and loveliest of the glorious career of day, all eyes were attentively fixed on the fast-fading beauty of the scene, and that all sympathized in the feeling that it could be relished only in silence.

Tiller was too much a creature of habit and discipline to be infected by any such feelings.—The silence was broken by his abrupt entrance, and the hurried inquiry—

“ Shall we make it sun-set, Sir? *She's* sometime dipped behind the hill.”

“ Yes, Tiller, *make* it so,” said Crank, authoritatively; but again recollecting himself, he added, in an apologetic tone, evidently meant for Burton—“ though—stop, 'Thomas—we musn't top the officer over the brig, neither; our day's gone by for that—but keep your eye on her, and observe her motions.”

“ Her *what?* ” murmured the doctor to himself, whose ear was peculiarly sensitive to any thing which he thought savoured of professional allusion.—What might have followed, would, doubtless, have been embarrassing to some of the party, had not his misconception been corrected, by Burton exclaiming—

“ You must be quick, Mister Tiller, or you’ll scarcely keep time with her motions; for I perceive the topmen are already gone aloft to send down the royal, and t’o-gallant yards.”

“ No matter,” said Crank, “ for should you be late, Thomas, the port would sooner trust to our *time* than their’s.”

“ Well then!—there’s sway away,” said Burton.

“ Down they come,” cried Crank.

“ Bless me!—what’s fallen?” exclaimed Miss Wilson, in considerable alarm.

“ Only the brig’s broom-sticks, my dear,” said the veteran, pointing to the vessel below.

But just recovered from one alarm, the young

lady was destined to have her nerves more seriously tried, for, in the next moment, a loud report close at her ear, as of thunder, excited the most unaffected terror in the poor girl: she jumped on her feet off her chair, and caught fast hold of old Crank, exclaiming—"Good heavens! how near the thunder is, Sir."

Here all joined in a good-humoured laugh at her simplicity. Crank, however he might have thought some thirty years previously, felt his situation extremely embarrassing, and extricating himself from her embrace, acquainted her that the noise which so much alarmed her was nothing but Tiller "*making* it sunset."

The doctor had selected the seat next to Mrs. Crank; Burton that in the immediate vicinity of her daughter; and the old gentleman, taking a chair next Miss Wilson, jocosely remarked, that "it seemed to be the order of battle that every man should take his bird, and he could not see why he and Miss W. shouldn't grapple together for a spell."

The time occupied in general conversation was not lost to the lieutenant, who seemed to be gaining ground in Emily's good graces. He had resolved, in his own mind, to try her, as sailors term it, "on either tack;" and in their confabulation on a variety of subjects, both now, and at dinner, he found that, notwithstanding she could boast a more than ordinary share of personal charms, her manners were highly attractive, and her mind bore evident marks of superior cultivation and improvement. Whilst thus attempting to play the critic, Burton soon forgot a part which was by no means natural to one of his complexion, and began to feel seriously interested in the animated girl.—Nor will this be a subject of surprise to any of our readers, if ever they have been debarred, for several weeks or months, of female society.

During this endeavour to draw her out, he failed not to develope sufficient of his own character to make her anxious to know more.—In this way, the conversation between them

was prolonged, through a mutual motive of curiosity, until it appeared to have become sufficiently interesting to warrant the interposition of her mother, who begged she might be made a party in their coterie. — Burton mentioned that he had been merely proposing, as an amusement, that the ladies should visit the *Spitfire*, as soon as the vessel had taken in her water.—Emily was not slow to take up the key-note, and expressed how much she should be gratified in availing herself of the present opportunity to visit a man-of-war.—Miss Wilson ‘thought it would be quite charming; that is, if there were none of those shocking cannons to be let off; and stipulated, that, if she were to be of the party, they should return home long before the sailors commenced any preparations on board for making it sunset.’—The doctor assured her a shock of that kind was rather salutary than otherwise. It tended to strengthen the nerves, and in some constitutions produced the same beneficial consequences

as electricity.—For his part, he should feel no alarm, if allowed to form one of the escort on board.

“Allowed!” said Mrs. Crank, rather querulously—“if it be determined by my brother that we shall visit, (though I shall put in my *veto* against it), Mister Senna must certainly be one of the party—who knows what may occur?—I am very timorous on water excursions—but leaving that out of the question, a medical man, upon every occasion, must be considered an acquisition.”

“Why, yes,” muttered Crank, “especially, if one’s going to fight a duel!”

The hints dropped by the lady and her friend were too broad not to be understood.—In the pause that followed, Burton perceived it would be indispensable to include the doctor. However loth, therefore, to increase the number of *idlers* on board, he, with a tolerably good grace, begged he would accompany the ladies.

Since the retreat from the dining-room, the

captain had made several attempts to re-commence with Burton their former conversation on professional subjects.—In this, however, he was foiled, for Burton's replies were all monosyllables; and Crank, more than most men, loved a spice of contradiction to render conversation palatable. He found that Emily's society had so many more attractions for this degenerate son of the ocean than his own, that he, although the host, had been altogether overlooked in the general invitation.—This did not escape Mrs. Crank, who, though affecting indifference to the proposed party of pleasure, exclaimed—

“ Brother, if we *do* go, I hope you'll accompany us.”

“ I don't know *that*—I got a hint not to go.”

“ A hint not to go, uncle !” exclaimed Emily.

“ Yes,—a very *broad* one too,” rejoined Crank; “ I wasn't *asked*—what d'ye think o' that—had him there, eh !”

Burton, not without a blush for his inadvertence, and many apologies, pressed the veteran to

be of the party, and begged permission to send one of the brig's boats ashore for him and his friends.

“ Well, well—you've other fish to fry, just now, Mr. Burton,” said the veteran, assuming as much importance as though he had been Port-Admiral—“ When you're all complete and a'taunto, *I'll* inspect you. But, in the mean time, we shall be glad to see you whenever ashore—always dine at four—Emily, my dear, an't there a jubilee-day soon? — Aye, to be sure, the 12th, the Prince's birth-day!—If he's better, your captain must make one at the cottage.”

With these, and similar testimonials of kindly feeling, the old man dismissed his guest, who betook himself to the beach, where the boat, according to appointment, awaited him.

It would not be easy to define the sensations with which Burton looked up, from time to time, to the light on the cliff, now growing fainter and fainter as the boat cut her whitening

way through the reluctant waves, impelled towards shore by the freshening breeze. The light, he perceived, had been removed to the oriel window, as if designed to assist him in reaching the ship; and he already formed a flattering conjecture as to whom he was indebted for this kind pilotage, from the circumstance of the light having been once eclipsed by the intervention of a female form; he, it may be conceived, looked for its re-appearance with more anxiety than he ever experienced in taking an observation of any of the planets for nautical purposes: and when the bright form again interposed, he was poetical enough to compare its appearance to a transit of Venus.—Had he been suffered much longer to continue in his agreeable reverie, he might have, perhaps, adopted some other capital error into his astronomical creed, and identified that emblem of beauty with the female who then engrossed all his thoughts, instead of classing her amongst celestial bodies. Poetry and planet were, however, quickly chased

by the dissonant challenge of the sentinel as they approached the brig.—

“ Boat, ahoye !”

“ Holloa !” cried the coxswain—

“ Coming here ?” said the sentinel.

“ Aye, aye, ’—replied the steersman of the boat—

“ Then it’s the lieutenant,” exclaimed a dapper little middy, in a clear counter-tenor voice, as he looked out through one of the ports.—“ Bear a hand, you side-boys, with the lights—d’ye hear ?”

These orders were complied with.—The gig was soon alongside, and the boat hoisted up by the watch in a ‘ twinkling.’

Whilst the lieutenant repairs to report himself to the captain as “ having come on board,” it may be proper to acquaint the reader that the fair object of his solicitude, having cautioned Tiller not to remove the light from the window for a few minutes longer, had consigned her beautiful person to be disencumbered of its attire by the faithful Abigail, who, in such

situations, often found her orthodoxy fail, and was fain, like the lieutenant, to confound her young mistress with celestial beings. Having, with a complaisant glance or two at herself, adjusted the looking-glass, then the toilette, and lastly, the dressing-case, with its multifarious adjuncts and accessories to female comfort and luxury, Abigail bade Emily good night, and left her to enjoy repose as happy and profound as that ascribed to the youth Lucius by the poet.

“ Enjoy the honey heavy dew of slumber :
Thou hast no figures, no fantasies
Which busy care draws in the brains of men ;
Therefore thou sleep’st so sound.”

CHAPTER VIII.

SHIFTING A BIRTH.

How names, mistaken for things, mislead the understanding !

LOCKE.

Uptorn, reluctant from the oozy cave,
The ponderous anchor rises o'er the wave ;
Along the slippery masts the yards ascend,
And high in air the canvas wings extend.

FALCONER.

NOTWITHSTANDING all the rules laid down, from time to time, by Aristotle, and other critical writers on rules of composition, to prove the necessity of preserving the unities in narration ; we are in some degree absolved from the difficulties under which the dramatist labours. Singular as it may appear, no precedent can be adduced to restrain the nautical writer from

postponing the consideration of the unities of time and place, to the more important consideration of preserving the unities of time and *tide*, which the stern maxim emphatically informs us, "wait for no man."—Critics may cavil in vain as to our right to exercise this discretion, and bring a broadside from Longinus to bear on our "beam"—we shall receive it with cheers; but without altering our course.—Nature, not rules of art, must be our compass; common sense our pilot.—Our narrative is nautical, and must, therefore, be natural.—Time, tide, and tars, we must take as they are—nor would it, perhaps, add interest to the details of the life of a sailor, that the two former were less variable, less irresistible in their influence, or the tar himself, less the sport of that overruling influence.—Of our new-born privileges, as novel writers, not writers of *novels*, we confess ourselves tenacious.—To ordinary criticism, we owe no deference:—our theme is above it. They and ourselves possess hardly one principle in

common with each other.—Yet are these and the sketches we have heretofore represented, pictures of real life; whose resemblance, however liberally they may have been acknowledged by the reading public, can be examined critically only by professional men.—Let professed criticism exult in the arbitrary controul it has obtained over the world of words; which, with the aid of art, it may be said to have created.—Our world is the trackless, illimitable ocean: and we disdain appeal to all other judges, than denizens of the world of waters.

But we have been somehow inadvertently borne out so far into the sea of criticism, that we had nearly forgotten the title of this chapter, or that to “shift a birth” conveniently, it becomes important to consult the tide.

Had the inclination of Burton been consulted, Camperdown Cottage, which now engrossed all his thoughts, would have been visited on the following morning much earlier, than perhaps either propriety, or the rules of fashionable

etiquette would have sanctioned. But this inclination was in some measure checked by a considerate feeling on his part, in wishing not to appear to encroach on his captain's indulgence, nor to deprive his brother officers from the pleasures of the shore by any monopoly of leave.—Independently, however, of these considerations, there were now duties to be performed on board, requiring his presence in his station.

The small quantity of fresh water procured on the previous afternoon, had determined the captain to remove the *Spitfire* further in shore; and though still labouring under lameness, he was too anxious and active an officer not to superintend the movement in person.

The circumstance of the tide not serving to admit of the brig “breaking ground” before the usual hour of breakfast on board, afforded Crank another opportunity to indulge his vein in criticising some of the preparations already made afloat for this evolution.

The light airs which, for the greater part of the morning, had been flying about in flaws, scarcely rippling the surface of the sea; and sometimes only discernible by the varying shade, here and there, which traversed the smooth bosom of the bay, or altered the bright green of the water to a deeper tinct; now acquired more steadiness and strength in their descent from the towering heights, until, from their congregated force, a moderate breeze at length sprung up from the land, and down the channel through which the *Spitfire* had to wind her way to fresh anchoring ground.

As yet, all was tranquillity on board. The midshipmen of the watch, and sentinels, were the only persons to be seen on deck, with the exception of Burton, who was mounted on one of the after carronades, in order to rest his glass on the hammock rails, as he indulged his anxious curiosity, and probed every window of the cottage.—One indication, however, though the only one, of a movement on board, had not escaped

the experienced eye of the veteran, who, having finished his breakfast, took up his station at his favourite telescope, maintaining as “bright a look out” on the brig (though actuated from different motives) as Burton kept upon the cottage.

“Come, bear-a-hand, Thomas—clear away the decks,” cried Crank, hurrying Tiller to remove the breakfast things from the table—“Be brisk, I see the brig’s got her *cat* down ready for a brush.”

“Her *what*, brother?” sharply interrogated Mrs. Crank, whose apprehensions for the safety of some of the feline species, by long prescription favourites with the fair, were excited by her brother-in-law’s intelligence.

Emily had also caught the contagion, and looked anxiously to the hearth-rug, where, contrary to drawing-room etiquette, and the commodore’s interdiction, a favourite tortoise-shell kitten lay on her back, flourishing her tail about, whilst sporting with a stray ball of cotton, pur-

loined from the work table—"Poor Tab," she exclaimed, "your velvet coat wants no brush.—How can they be so cruel?" she continued, approaching her uncle, as if to ascertain what was going on aboard.

"Why, you brace of simpletons," said he, without taking his eye from his glass, "do you think there's no cat on board but Grimalkin?—Come, Thomas—the bars are shipped, I see.—Now for it—there's turn the hands up—here's the boatswain?—aye, there's *lay* in—you'll have a *treat* directly."

"A *treat*, brother, do you call it?" exclaimed Mrs. Crank, in a tone indicating that fresh fear had been awakened by the last observation.

"What do you mean, uncle?" asked Emily, with excited curiosity—

"What do I mean, child?—Why, that you'll presently have your ears pierced with a little man-o-war's music—that's all—the chaps in the chains *singing* out like sogers."

“ Oh ! dear, uncle,” exclaimed Emily, in a tone of sympathy which would have been highly gratifying to the ears of all on board, had they witnessed the interest she betrayed—“ surely they are not going to inflict corporal punishment on the poor dear sailors?”

“ Why, what now ?—Have you been reading more of your romances ?—’Gad, I think they’ve turned your head in earnest.”

“ It is something more than *romance*, brother, however habit in you may have unfortunately got the better of your feelings for your fellow creatures,” interposed Mrs. Crank.—“ You but this instant said that the *cat* was in readiness for a *brush*, and every school-boy knows the interpretation of *that* phrase.”

“ Well, so it is ready,—and the *fish* too ;—what d’ye think o’ that now—eh ?”

“ Think, brother !” replied the matron, “ I don’t know *what* to think ; though I must confess, that such associations as *cats*, *bars*, boat-swains, and unfortunate creatures, crying out

in *chains*, naturally lead one to infer they are inflicting on board some cruel and oppressive punishment !”

“ Handsomely !—handsomely, old girl—take a turn there—a severe turn* too ;” said Crank.—
“ D—n it, is it because you choose to be stupid enough not to understand plain-sailing English, that you must take it into your head they are committing murder afloat ?—But, it’s a true saying, ‘ there’s no teaching old dogs to dance ;’ nor,” continued he, anticipating his jest with a chuckle, which would have been very properly reprehended by certain wise-acres in St. Stephen’s—“ nor are you the *first* old woman in Parliament who has raised a false alarm and a hubbub, about a thing that never can, I tell you again, be dispensed with.”

“ Upon my word, uncle,” said Emily, “ I confess, that though you don’t exactly deal in parables, your language is, at least, very equi-

* Nautical for a secure turn.

vocal.—Now, do afford us some explanation—what *are* they about?”

“What?—Why, about to shift their *bob*, to be sure,” replied Crank, with a self-satisfied simplicity, which was the result of his conviction, that this curt explanation was perfectly explicit.—“I just want to see, my dear, how long they’ll be weighing—therefore take my watch,—I’ll look out, and give you the word:—for it’s fair, you know, to count time the moment they begin to heave round at the capstan.—I know, in the old *Grampus*, I didn’t allow more than an hour and a half to heave in a whole cable,—*cat*, and *fish* the anchor, and have her under every thing,* low-and-aloft, close-hauled, in a moderate breeze.”

As to the nautical information likely to be derived by his female auditors, from this stubborn reiteration of the terms ‘cat, and fish,’ without any attempt at explanation; the veteran

* All sail set.

might as well have amused them by an allusion to the old pot-house sign of the "Cat-and-the-fiddle;" the solution of whose mysterious, though humorous connection, seems, to some antiquarians, to lie deeper beneath the rubbish of ages, than any ante-diluvian relic yet discovered by Professor Buckland, in the geological strata.—The ladies, however, had some reason to suspect, from the knowledge of Crank's general character, that he could not derive pleasure from a fellow creature's anguish; and that their alarm might be groundless. And as he was garrulously disposed, he soon gave Emily reason to believe, she was more likely to be gratified by the nearer neighbourhood of an individual in whom she already began to feel considerably interested; than to have her feelings shocked by any unseemly parade of punishment.

As Crank had anticipated, the crew of the brig had already been summoned to their sta-

tions, by the boatswain's shrill pipe and short cry of, 'hands, up anchor.'

The mandate was neither delivered, as is too often the case, in that lengthened, drawling tone, only calculated, like a Quaker's sermon, to lull all energy; nor needlessly repeated by the piercing pipings* and hoarse bawlings of his mates:—Staunch being too much of a disciplinarian not to have seen the necessity of abolishing this *Benbowical* and privateer-like practice, before he had been a week on board; or to permit any unnecessary noise in a ship of war placed under his command.

The general though momentary bustle on board which succeeded the boatswain's short

* It has been ascertained, since the Peace, that several French privateers, last war, when under cover of the darkness of the night, or the denseness of a fog, like banditti of old, have solely escaped capture by the timely intimation of a whistle. Indeed, we have ourselves, before now, witnessed as much wind expended on hoisting a cask upon deck, or a stay-sail aloft, as would have served to 'fill' a first-rate's foresail, or have answered all the resuscitating purposes of the '*Humane Society*' for a whole winter!

summons or *solo*, subsided in a very few seconds. The 'capstan was manned' in a moment by above fifty of the crew. The active but orderly mass included in this powerful piece of machinery, remained mute and motionless as they leaned their broad breasts at the bars, every eye anxiously awaiting the waive of the hand that was to set all in motion : for in signifying his commands, Staunch, like other monarchs,* preferred adopting the 'sign manual' to the more vulgar mode of verbal communication, and his crew equally understood his orders by waive of hand, or by word of mouth.

The silence which pervaded the brig (for not

* An anecdote is told of a captain in the service, since dead, that whilst carrying out a British ambassador to his station abroad, a quarrel arose on the subject of precedence. High words were exchanged between them on the quarter-deck, when, at length, the ambassador thinking to silence the captain, exclaimed, "Recollect, Sir, *I* am the representative of His Majesty!" "Then, Sir," retorted the captain, "recollect that *here I* am *more* than majesty itself. Can the King *seize a fellow up and give him three dozen?*" Further argument was useless—the Diplomatist struck.

a syllable, low or aloft, was allowed to be uttered, save from the lips of a superior), was now broken by Burton, who stood in an elevated station on the forecastle, which afforded a full view of his person to Crank's little circle at the cottage.

"*Brought to for'ard, Sir,*" said the lieutenant.

"Very well," answered the captain, who, in consequence of his lameness, had taken up a seated position on the upper steps of the ladder leading to the poop.

"Now," continued he, addressing the people employed at the capstan, "now, recollect, my lads, I want no more than the '*double-quick*' step, for I always suspect there's a good deal of '*heaving thro'all*', when there's any *fast* running round; so now—

"Left foot—

"Double-quick—

"Heave."

The capstan was instantly set in motion, the

seamen marking their quick-measured step to the mellifluous strains of a woolly-headed African cat-gut scraper, who, as occasion required, catered for the carnal appetites of the crew below in the galley as cook's-mate, or restrained their brute force, like *Orpheus* of old, by measured modulation.

In consequence of the steady step preserved by the men at the capstan in their circumambulatory march, the cable was not only hove in with great celerity, but with an equable motion that permitted the people below leisurely to bend and coil it away, without any of those interruptions or stoppages at the capstan, common on such occasions to most ships in the service. A few minutes served to bring the brig near enough to her anchor to render it necessary the circumstance should be announced by Burton, who exclaimed—

“*Hove short, Sir.*”

At a single waive of the captain's hand, the capstan ceased to move, and was quickly paused

or secured at its base, whilst the bars were immediately 'unshipped' and laid aside upon the deck, previously to the operation of loosing sails, and tripping or starting the anchor from its slimy bed. These preparations occupied scarcely half a minute's time, when the captain gave the word—

“ *Loose sails.*”

Preparatory to performing this evolution, about forty sailors, destined for this service, whose white Guernsey-frocks and trowsers were strikingly contrasted with the black hull, masts, and rigging of the brig, quickly collected in the lower part of the fore and main shrouds; all eager to obtain the start of each other. The younger men and boys, who were destined to reach the giddy heights of the royal and top-gallant yards, with eyes archly fixed on the captain as he sat on the ladder, cautiously raised a leg a ratline higher in the shrouds, to make sure of even this trifling advantage over those who had a much shorter course to run—an

artifice which was as often checked by the two lieutenants exclaiming, in a subdued tone—

“ Keep down, men !—down—no stealing !”

At the word—

“ *Way aloft !*”

a scene of anxious and emulous alacrity ensued in the rapid flight of the men up the rigging, which, to the unpractised eye of Emily, merged into the most orderly and compact position of the tars, as they remained momentarily grouped about the bunts and quarters of the lower and loftier yards. The order to

“ *Trace up—lie out,*”

followed, which, accompanied by two short *chirps* of the boatswain's whistle, again set in motion the active limbs of the ‘loosers.’ At the word ‘trace up,’ the studding-sail-booms, already disengaged from the iron clamps in which they were wont to rest, were now lifted by lines affixed to their inner ends. Thus suspended, they formed acute angles with their respective spars, and afforded to the emulous

seamen a support for the hand, so as to render more secure their frail footing, as they scampered, like cats, along the yards. Every hand was now busy for an instant casting-off the gaskets or platted ties, which held fast the furled sails in their folds; whilst those who had been more expeditious in completing their task, supported the weighty canvas in their arms as they balanced their bent bodies on the yards, anxiously awaiting the word to drop their heavily-drooping burden to the breeze.

Burton, who was always ambitious that the seamen, under his immediate inspection, should be foremost in the performance of every evolution aloft, was now the first to exclaim—

“ *All ready for’ard, Sir.*”

Soon after, an announcement followed from Hasty, who, by a waive of his hand, signified, that the ‘loosers’ abaft were equally prepared. —After a momentary pause, and scrutinizing glance aloft, the captain vociferated—

“ *Let fall—sheet home.*”

The sails fell simultaneously from the sailors' grasp, shivering in the wind, as their sheets* were brought home, or extended to the outer extremities of the yards. The 'loosers' were now seen flying in from the spars in every direction.—Their descent had hardly been effected on deck, by running down the ratlines of the riggings, with a degree of velocity, almost superhuman—for, on board this ship they were not permitted to slide down the backstays, or display any unnecessary agility at the expense of their clothing,—when Staunch 'sung out'—

“*Man the tautsle haliards.*” †

Led through leading blocks on both sides of the deck, the haliards were immediately grappled by the many-handed mass, who had so disposed themselves as to ensure a free and

* It may be here necessary to observe, that the *sheets*, which are universally mistaken by “English Bards” and even “*Scotch Reviewers*,” and their readers, for the *sails* themselves, are no other than the ropes employed to extend the clues, or lower corners, of the sails to which they are attached.

† Tackles, by which the topsails are to be hoisted or lowered, when the sails are to be extended or reduced.

uninterrupted run fore-and-aft; whilst a few of the more trusty hands and petty officers were busied in attending the braces, overhauling the clue-lines, and other hanging gear, to facilitate the rapid flight of the ponderous yards aloft.—Without awaiting the lieutenant's customary 'report' of—" *all manned with the top-sail haliards*" (a useless intimation, by the by, in a flush-decked vessel, where the eye of the officer, carrying on the duty, meets with no obstruction)—the commander exclaimed—

“ *Hoist away the taupsles.*”

The topsails flew to the topmast's head, taughtly extending their wide wings to the breeze, whilst every plank of the brig below experienced a tremulous vibratory motion, occasioned by the fast fleeting feet of the tars, as they ran, haliards in hand, round the deck.—The operation of 'sheeting home,' and hoisting the heavier topsails, had hardly been effected, ere the taunt 'top-gallant-sails,' and the still lighter and loftier 'royals,' appeared spread on their

respective spars: the combined effect of the whole, presenting to the astonished eye of Emily a sudden and imposing metamorphosis. Indeed the old gentleman himself seemed to participate in his niece's surprise, and more than once he was observed to rub his eyes, as if he suspected himself under the influence of some optical illusion.

“Which way shall we cast, Mr. Stowel?” said the captain, addressing the master, who had just returned from the forecastle.

“To port, Sir—”

“*Man the starboard head-braces, and larboard after,*” cried the commander, in an audible tone—

“*Overhaul the lee-lower-lifts and trusses—Brace up.*”

The head yards were now backed against the breeze, whilst those on the main-mast were obliquely braced in the opposite direction.*

* This evolution is practised with a view to impel the ship's head in the desired direction, as soon as the anchor breaks loose from the ground.

To this evolution succeeded the operation of again ‘shipping and swiftening in the bars’ of the capstan,—a repetition of trouble to which all frigates and flush-decked vessels are unavoidably subject, and over which, in the evolution of ‘weighing,’ ships of the line have a considerable advantage.

The capstan being manned in a moment, the word was again given to ‘heave round,’ when the ‘double-quick time’ of the tars soon brought the brig over her anchor—and this was followed by the announcement from Burton—

“ *Up-and-down.*”

“ *Thick - and - dry for weighing,*” cried Staunch,

A turn at the capstan, with a hearty and heavy heave of a well-concentrated power, soon tore the anchor from its bed.

“ *Heave-and-weigh,*” cried Burton.

“ *Man the jib haliards,*”

said Staunch.—The men were already in their stations when the order succeeded—

“ *Hoist away.*”

Flapping in the wind, and following the diagonal line of rope on which it travels in its ascent aloft, the jib flew to the foretopmast-head; whilst a few hands on the forecastle quickly ‘gathered aft’ its shaking sheet, and the canvas, ceasing to flutter, boldly bellied to the breeze.

The practice common in the service of announcing to the men labouring at the capstan when the anchor breaks upon the eye, or looms through the dazzling deep, as it slowly rises to the surface, had always been deemed unnecessary by Staunch, and the old form of exclamations — “ *Heave-and-in-sight,*” and, “ *Heave-and-a-wash,*”—were in the *Spitfire* invariably dispensed with—a departure from old precedent, which, perhaps, will be the less regretted by all disciplinarians, as they must have often observed these technical intimations were resorted to by boisterous boatswains, as often to exercise their lungs as to cheer the people at the capstan.—

Looking down on the water, as he stood on

the bowsprit, with his breast leaning over the man-rope, Burton had now, by a telegraphic movement of his left hand, mutely announced the anchor at the bows. The operation of again paulling the capstan and unshipping the bars, was now quickly repeated—

“ *All hooked with the cat,*”

cried Burton, with seeming exultation, which, however suited to the occasion, would doubtless have impressed (had he been present) a certain ex-senator, whose attention had been so humanely directed to the protection of quadrupeds, with a very unfavourable opinion of the lieutenant’s humanity.—

The *cat* had already been seized by the crew, —the fall taughtened—the ‘messenger’ surged —the cable ‘stuck-out’ and stoppered, when, as if cheered by the feline allusion which followed, of—

“ *Haul away the cat,*”

the tars ran the ring of the anchor up to the cat-head in a twinkling.

“ *All hooked with the fish,*”

cried Burton,—an intimation altogether unconnected with the fate of the finny tribe—the fish here meant being a hook, employed to raise the anchor-fluke on the gunwhale.—At a waive of Staunch’s hand, the seamen, who had already hold of the fish-fall, cheerily applied their united force to the rope, and, with a run aft, as fast as foot could fall, they succeeded in bringing the ponderous anchor to its resting-place.

A pilot, in a punt, had now pulled along-side, and as neither the captain nor the master had acquired any acquaintance with the locality of the port, save that which the ‘sailing directions’ on the chart had afforded, the services of the pilot were readily accepted.

“ We intend casting to port,” said Staunch, addressing the pilot, who, as he came up the side, doffed his hat, and made his awkward obeisance to the King’s quarter-deck—

“ Fes, zure, Zur,” answered the pilot, in a

west-country accent—"better vurst maike aboard towards the Blackstone—should loike though, captain, if so be it's all the zame to thee, to keep the *lead* aloive."

"The leadsmen," said Staunch, "are already in the chains."

"Then, Zur, when you plaize," said the pilot, perching himself up on one of the after carronades, in order to have a full view of the 'leading marks' of the port.

The head yards had already been 'filled,' or braced round to the breeze.—Meantime, the boom-mail-sail had been hauled out abaft; whilst, on the bunts of the fore and main yards, hands were observed in readiness to overhaul the gear of the courses, employed for the purpose of confining, in festoons, the large lower sails, as yet suspended in the brails—

"*Man the fore and main-tacks,*"

cried Staunch, in his usual tone of distinct articulation. The word, '*haul aboard,*' had hardly escaped his lips, ere the deep and heavy

folds of the courses fell fluttering in the wind ; whilst their tacks were brought on board, or drawn down to the deck, and their sheets ‘roused aft’ with the rapidity of thought.

The bowlines had been hauled—the weather-braces ‘set taught,’ and every ‘cloth’ in the brig now trimmed to the breeze, when, gracefully yielding to the pressure of her canvas, she darted through the water like a dolphin in pursuit of prey.

“Bless the craft !” said the pilot, looking over the side with astonishment—“ why she walks like a witch.”

“ Walk !” said Hasty—“ wait till you see how she *works*.—Why, man ! she shoots like a star of a frosty night.”

“ Silence !—not a word fore-and-aft,” cried Staunch, in a tone which was intended to spare him the necessity of conveying, in more direct terms, a personal censure—for though Staunch, ‘off duty,’ was always affable with his officers, yet ‘*on service*,’ he was too critical a discipli-

narian to patronize poetry or irruptions of fancy.

The ropes had been already coiled up, and ‘led-along,’ with every man in his station for ‘staying,’* when, descending from the gun, under no little excitement, proceeding from the responsibility he felt, in having, for the first time, charge of one of his majesty’s ships, the pilot hastily exclaimed—

“Round with her, Zur.—Be sharp, if you plaize.”

Obedient to her helm, the vessel hove quickly in the wind, whilst her bulging bow, forcing apart the resisting fluid, flung wide around the foaming spray.

“*Helm’s-a-lee,*”

cried the commander. The ‘head-sheets’ were ‘let fly’ and heard flapping in the wind, when, as the brig rapidly rounded to the breeze, and

* Tacking—putting the ship about.

the sails abaft as rapidly altered from a full to a fluttering condition, the word,

“*Raise tacks and sheets,*”

was given.—In compliance with this order, preparatory to swinging and bracing round the head yards, the clues, or lower corners of the courses, were partially raised above the deck.—

“*Haul well taut,*”

cried Staunch, giving the wanted precautionary word.—The brig had now brought the wind nearly a-head, or rather a little on the weather bow. The captain, who was as well aware of the importance of securing ‘a good *swing*’ as any of our fashionable *amateurs*, who delight in witnessing the final expiatory evolutions of ‘Old Bailey’ performers on the tight rope, vociferated, as he observed the wind catching the weather leeches of the sails abaft—

“*Main-sail, haul.*”

The yards on the main-mast flew simultaneously round with a violent swing, accompanied

by an astounding crash, occasioned by the lee-clue of the main-sail coming in rapid collision with the rigging :* whilst reversing their former position, the tacks and sheets were trimmed in a trice. The brig's head fell off from the wind in a different direction from that to which it had previously pointed on the opposite tack ; and the after sails again filling to the breeze, the captain exclaimed—

“ *Fore-tack—fore-bowlin—of-all-haul.*”

The head yards were now braced round, and every thing trimmed fore-and-aft, when the brig, bending, like a willow, to the breeze, quickly gathered way, and again glided through the water with her former rapidity.

From the velocity with which the *Spitfire* was flying through the water, it may be easily

* We sincerely advise all landsmen, who are ambitious of becoming “ *leadsmen* ” (for we have seen men of all professions, from those “ *learned in the law*,” to those unlearned in the *line*, endeavouring, at the expense of their heads, to become adepts in the art of “ *sounding* ”), never to take their station in the chains when *beating* up to an anchorage.

conceived that, in working up a narrow channel, short tacks were the order of the day.

As the vessel neared the steep, on which stood Camperdown Cottage, the seamen's eyes were turned involuntarily to this spot, so eminently favoured by nature.—The whole shore was now minutely developed.—Every object, animate or inanimate around, awakened in the mind a feeling of tranquil pleasure in contemplating this beautiful scene in all its placid repose.—The deep verdure was relieved by the bright fleeces of the sheep and lambs, which were grazing on the grassy heights; whilst groups of goats, ambitious of danger, were seen securely browsing on the giddy face of the precipice, which overhung the dark rocks beneath.—Here and there a cottage dimly developed its modest outline from beneath a sheltering oak; or some tall grey spire pointed out the rural retreats of the living, or solemn sanctuaries of the dead.—The peopled air above harmonized with the stillness of the scene below, and the wild wing of the sea-mew

was almost suspended in its graceful sweep across the blue vault of heaven. The profound tranquillity of every thing around was suddenly invaded by sounds little in harmony with this quiet picture of nature in repose.—The lengthened tenor-tones of the tars broke in upon the silence, as, lead in hand, they “sung out” from the chains the depth of water, as the ship approached the shore. These musical intonations were heard re-echoing in every little wooded dell along the bay, or clatteringly reverberating among the rocks. The still, mute sheep on the heights ceased to ruminate, or started from their pasture; collecting in groups, whose wild and unusually animated faces betokened lively alarm at these unwonted sounds.

“*Quarter-leā-ea-ess five,*” cried the leadsman to leeward.

“Heave quick, my zons!” said the pilot.

“*And a ha-a-lf four,*” re-echoed the seamen to windward.

“She shoals her water—but we’ll stand in

as close as you like," observed Staunch to the pilot.

By some unaccountable accident the veteran's colours at the cottage were omitted to be hoisted at the usual hour of eight. Crank now perceiving the omission, in a hurried manner directed his factotum to hoist them. In a few moments an enormous St. George's ensign was seen gracefully waving in the wind, as if welcoming the ship's approach to the land.

In compliance with the wishes of the captain, the vessel was observed to stand in, still shoaling her water.

"*By-the-hard-dee-eeep four,*" now cried the tars together, producing no unpleasing harmony from the circumstance of the 'weather leadsman' accidentally taking a musical third above his companion to leeward.

"*There!*" exultingly cried Crank to his sister-in-law—"there, didn't *I* tell you we'd soon have the chaps in the *chains* singing out like sogers?"

The brig was now tacked close under the

cliff, and, to the no little astonishment of Crank, the entire evolution was performed in silence, Staunch having directed every movement by waive of hand. Two boards further to windward, brought the brig up to her destined birth, where she was anchored. The sails were soon furled, and every necessary evolution performed, with that systematic alacrity, which the cheerful, but well-disciplined crew of the *Spitfire* invariably evinced; when the boats were hoisted out, and despatched on shore for water.

In concluding this chapter, an apology may be necessary, perhaps, to some of our fair readers, who may accuse us of being uninterestingly minute in detailing the many naval evolutions recorded in the foregoing pages. The practice, however, may be productive of benefit in a quarter where it may be least expected. We have, before now, met with some of the softer sex in *command* of *men-of-war*, who still are unacquainted with the 'word of command.' To repair this defect in their early education, and

adapt them for situations which are found to be within the fond aspirations of the fair ; we have ventured in these pages to substitute occasionally a marine, for a moral lesson ; so that when any of those ladies, now ‘laid up in ordinary,’ are next put in commission, each may be able to take the trumpet, and ‘beat’ and ‘box’ about a ‘battle-ship,’ as well as her lord and master.

CHAPTER IX.

WEATHERING THE WILEY.

Be pleased your politics to spare,
I'm old enough, and can myself take care.

DRYDEN.

IN an operation of this nature, part of the crew of the boats are, in general, sufficient for the purpose of filling the casks, and the remainder are found strolling on the beach idly whileing away the time in picking up pebbles remarkable for their shape or colour.

It was so in the present instance. Straggling seamen or tars were occupied at the water's

edge in fishing, with a splinter in the sand, for a cockle or other marine production; whilst at a distance from the party, a couple of tars had flung themselves, at their ease, on the grey shingle of the beach. As they lay, with their faces upturned, and gazing listlessly on the mackerel sky overhead, they had not noticed the approach of a stranger, whose hasty step towards them would seem to indicate he had business with them of no mean importance. He was a strong-made, bull-necked, square-built vulgar form, though sufficiently well clad to denote that he was a man of substance. His features were broad, unmeaning, and commonplace, except that the bluff protuberance of the lower part of his face and pursed lips, established his claim indisputably to an unparalleled share of effrontery. His heavy, dull brows, were contracted as if in scorn; and the fixedness of his pale grey eye indicated an habitual obstinacy and sullen selfishness. For want of a com-

panion to harangue, he seemed to be employed in that wholesome practice, so often recommended by the ancient fathers of the church—self-disputation ; and endeavoured to enforce his oral powers of persuasion by an oscillatory up-and-down motion of his right hand, which strikingly resembled that of an auctioneer anxiously dwelling on the rival biddings which were to swell his profits. In his left hand he held a scroll of extracts from parliamentary returns of the revenue—the income of the clergy—the number and effective strength of our land and sea forces—the number of persons impressed since the war—corporal punishments inflicted during the short peace—the ultimate height, in inches and lines, which climbing-boys attain when arrived at the age of manhood—the gross amount, in square feet, of timber usually expended in May-poles in the several villages of England, and the average waste of wood, in barber's blocks, throughout the United Kingdom. These had been carefully extracted during a

tour with his family along the coast in his own carriage, and with his own cattle, to save charges of postage; and were destined to form the ground-work next session of an exposition, in his place at St. Stephen's Chapel, Westminster, of the causes of the dry rot in His Majesty's navy.

The diffusiveness of his style might, perhaps, be objected to by common critics; but it was his peculiar felicity, in every speech, to follow the example of that illustrious essayist of the middle ages, so admired for his searching sagacity, who having copiously written an essay—*de omnibus rebus*—sapiently added a chapter, *de quibusdam aliis*.

In the light playfulness of his fancy, this ornament of our senate introduced a figurative allusion to the effects of the dry rot in thinning the ranks of that opposition with which he voted.—By way of revenging himself for many an indignant lash of a great oratorical lion's tail in that house, whose sarcasms were some-

times felt alike by friend and foe, he had bestowed a week in turning an appropriately neat epigrammatic point ; happily allusive to an insincerity and hollowness in principle, which it suited his purpose to assume, were attributes of his too powerful rival and unsparing friend. The spirit of the allusion consisted in preserving the accuracy of the figure, and deploring that the rottenness of our timber was not confined to that composing our ships of war, but had been of late detected in some of the main timbers of Westminster Hall.

Such, and so accoutred, was the redoubted wight who now bore down on two of the most unsuspecting spirits in the "service." As he never balked at any thing, he assumed a familiarity of manner and tone, which he presumed would conciliate favour, or lull suspicion ; and artfully opened his parliamentary inquiries as follows.

"Weel—messmates—hot waather, eh?"

"Why, yes," said the younger tar of the two,

—“it’s hot enough for them as never felt hotter ; or seed a beef-staike broiled by the heat o’ the sun on the spare anchor fluke.—I reckon,” added he, accompanying the remark with what sailors term an overhaul-look at the senator’s person—“ I reckon many’s the fiery forenoon *you’ve* never faced, afore the sea-breeze sot in at Port-Royal harbour.”

“ Aweel ! mayhap—but many’s the fiery ordeel in the whiles I elsewhere faced in fighting yer battles,” returned the senator, emphatically.

“ *You,*” said the tar, in a tone which manifested an incredulous contempt for the stranger’s assertion—“ *you !*—what, d’ye want to come Trafflygar over a fellow ?—Where the h—ll did you ever see a shot fired in anger ?”

“ It’s contrarie to my creed to do aught in anger—for though I’m an enemy to a’ abuses
——”

“ *I’m* not abusing you at all, man,” interrupted the tar—“ I want no words about the

matter; but I'll bet you a week's grog to all your worth in the world, you can't clap a cartridge in a gun—that's to say,—you don't know whether it should be '*end** foremost,' and 'seam down,' or not."

"Seem doon!—I tell ye what, my gude fallow, we don't a'togither seem *up* to ane-anither," said the senator, sporting a miserable pun—"but, ye see, I'm a plain man: and, ye see ——"

"You may say *plain*," said the tar, interrupting the speaker in his sentence—"I see *that* fast enough; and what's more,—I'm curs'd if I wouldn't carve a better figure-head out of a Sampson's post."†

"Like enoo; but I suspec yer acception

* If the professional reader be too fastidious, or overnice on the score of correct phraseology, he will doubtless substitute here that more emphatic monosyllable, which his critical recollection will not fail to suggest. So did, in fact, the sailor.—But for us—*proh pudor!*

† A large block of timber fixed upright between the decks, used for attaching leading ropes to, or heavy purchases.

of feegur heeds is verra defferent frae mine—for you must ken, that my notion of a feegur heed, is the heed that taks the trooble to seft the public accoonts, an' expose the corrupt practices o' the folk in pooer."

The animated tone in which this piece of radical cant was delivered, was completely lost upon *Jack*.—Indeed, the orator might as well have whistled to the wind, as have tried, in this vein, to engage either the attention of the slumbering tar, or appeal to the passions of his talkative companion. The conversation had ceased for a moment; when the sailor, who had carried on the colloquy stretched supinely on his back, now turned suddenly round on his elbow, and sternly fixing his eyes on the legislator, exclaimed—

"Here's face you, as Geoffry did the cat—come, tell truth, and shame the devil?—Are you a reg'lar built 'missioner, or only a marchant's man-hunter.—'Kase, if so be you're no more nor

a crimp, you'd better brace-up and haul aft afore the officer comes across your hawse—but say you're a *journeyman* parson, and I'll souse you in the surf; and trace you up on a tree to dry, like a swab in the sun."

"That's no the speech of a seaman, nor is't becomin' in a man-o'-war's-man's mooth," said the Scotchman, rather ruffled at his rude reception.

"What do *you* know concerning man-o-war's-men, you Highland lubber?" said Jones, who had hitherto slumbered in silence, but whose sensibility was now roused by the senator's rebuke.—"Did you ever sarve as a Jack-i'-the-dust in a guard ship?" added the tar, in a sneering tone.

"No, my man, but I ken mare of king's sheps, and a' the pratty pranks that's played aboard 'em, than ye perhaps thenk.—I'm a sailor's freend, and ha' proven it."

"You've a d——d rum way o' shewing it,

then," said the younger tar, "in running down the sarvice after that sort o' fashion."

"I rin it doon?—You mistak', my man—sailors are mare indetted to me than they thenk.—Whenever I've seen, as aften I have, an enclination to trample them, or their rights, underfoot, I've stood your sooporter, and aways spoke up for you i' th' Hoose."

"Well, Bill! I'm blowed if I knows what house he means," said the elder tar, who now evinced an anxiety to take up the cudgels, and give his companion a spell of repose,—“be-kase,” added he, “a fellow might as well tread on a snake at once, as try to trample on any o' the *Spitfires*, either at the Nelson's Head, at North Corner,* or the Two Jolly Tars at the back o' the Pint.”†

“Why, ye booby, do ye thenk the hoose I mean, is a public, or mere pot-hoose?—I'm spaaking anent that assembly that awght to

* At Plymouth.

† Portsmouth Point—the Wapping district at that port.

defend, on a' occasions, your rights and prèv-
leeges, and grant to the nat'ral, and, gev me
leave to say, the constitutional force of the
kintry, (for I mean sailors), its constant pro-
tection."

"Come, come, belay every inch o' that," said
Jones, in a jocular tone—"you're not a-going
to palaver us about your protections—many's
the man we've seen pressed in spite of his *pro-*
tection—havn't we, Bill?"

"I believe you, my bo," replied his com-
panion. "I've seed, afore now, a hot-press on
the river, break through a protection, better
backed, aye, nor ever was a battle ship's anchor.
—Why, I've seed the day that a fellow couldn't
save his bacon, even with a Trinity House pro-
tection in his pocket."

"Well," said Jones, "if men are slack in
stays* in coming for'ard to enter, what else have
you for it?—Men-o'-war must be manned, to
meet the enemy, and protect your trade."

* Slow.

“Noo, to spaak without reserve,” said the prying inquisitor, imagining Jones was more disposed to be rational than his blunt, honest companion — “wur ye aways o’ that mind, Sir?”

“No—’kase if I had, and known as much as I do now, I’d a bore up at once for the *bounty*. —But you see,” added the taunting tar, throwing a sly look at the senator,—“there’s always fellows enough, both *ashore* and afloat, to make a man discontented with his birth; and make him believe, ‘whither or no Tom Collins’*—aye, by George, in spite of his sight, and senses, that a king’s ship is never no better nor a reg’lar-built hell afloat.”

“But, my freend,” said the stranger, who now perceived there was little chance to storm, though he might succeed, perhaps, in sapping, the honest sailor’s prejudices in favour of his profession, “ye wunna deny that seamen have

* “Whither or no, Tom Collins,” is a phrase amongst sailors, signifying, whether you will or not.

to pit up with a great deal o' tarrannical conduc an' ell usage aboard king's sheps—for my ain pert, I conseeder you're a' verra leetle better off than the blacks of Africa."

"See here, shipmate! it would take a fellow far further north nor yourself, to persuade the captain's black steward that *his* was the worst birth in the barky.—And as for ill usage aboard o' men-o'-war—why—let every one speak as they find 'em—not that I take it *you* know much o' the matter—'kase I reckon, by that ere roll o' paper under your lee-fin, you've sarved more time behind the counter, nor ever you did before the mast—"

"Weel, but as we say in the Heelands, let that flee stick i' th' wa, and confass, es there no a deal o' cruelty and tarranny aboard king's sheps?"

"Well! *damme*," said Jones, emphatically, "but *now* I think you're a reg'lar-built 'missioner, in earnest—what say *you*, Bill?"

"Well, so I said, just now," returned the

other—"but then, again, on t'other tack—you see he doesn't sport a black suit o' rigging."

"To pit an end to your doots," said the Scotchman, "you'll just please to observe, that I've no disguise about me—I'm a friend to the service, and, in particular, to seamen—I've stood up for them i' the Hoose—"

"There he goes again," interrupted Jones.

"Aye," I repeat, "in the Hoose, against their ain officers, and the Lairds o' th' Admiralty.—I've endeavoured to put doon the system of impressment, and to annihilate that tyrannical military practice of corporal punishment."

"What military practice?" indignantly ejaculated the younger tar—"What, d'ye want to come the *lobster* over us, as well as the lubber?—Who ever heard of a *corporal* handling the cat—the sergeant, to be sure, when there's never no master-arms aboard, in course, tallies the score—but, damn it, man, it's the boson's mate as serves-out the slops—"

"Weel, weel—it's indifferant to me wha in-

flects the lash :—a' as I can say is, I deetest the sestum of flogging a'thegither ;—an' to show ye hoo much I tak' an interest in the service, I've browght you a peeteetion to sign, which I've drawn up to show hoo hardly yu'r treated, and hoo cruelly yu'r, too often, poonished by tarrannical officers, and hoo closely and unnecessaraly ye're confined to yeer sheps.—Noo es that the pairt of a freend, or no ?”

Here Jones interrupted the reply which was ready to start from his shipmate's lips, and, in a conciliatory tone, accosted him—

“ Yow see the gemman speaks fair enough, after all.—He only wants us to lean a little over to his side—and why not, Bill ! if the gemman 'ill stand any thing ?”

“ Why, if that's his drift—I think we may as well, too, try him on a wind.—See here, shipmate,” continued the speaker, addressing the senator—“ there's never no use in any further palaver—I don't care a curse which way it is—but, what'll you give us ?”

“Gie ye?” cried the radical orator, whose incipient triumph was checked by the unpalatable suggestion of a pecuniary boon,—“Wull it not be the manes of getting ye yeer lee-berty?”

“Why, as to that, you see, we’ve always ‘*liberty*’ enough when the ship’s moored in a King’s port—so, you see, that’s not the thing—is it, Jem?”

“Why, no!” said Jones,—“but as the weather’s warm, and our coppers hot, I doesn’t care, if the gemman will act like a gemman, to clinch the conçarn at once.—Harkee, Master,” said he, addressing the anxious orator, who stood tiptoe in expectation of his proposition—“you shall have it *all your own way for a glass of grog.*”

A fitful change suddenly overcame the features of the calculating philanthropist: every hard line in that unusually rigid face was, for a moment, relaxed; and, from the whole external, it would seem his heart had been startled by

the apparition of a strange and unwelcome visitant.—It was not till after a momentary struggle, that he slowly unbuttoned his pocket.—The hand, although inserted, seemed to clutch something, and again relaxed its grasp.—Again the action was repeated ;

“ Well,” said he, in a subdued tone—“ it’s for the banefet of ma kintry—”

By a convulsive twitch of the arm, the victory was completed : and, with a sigh, such as ’tis said accompanies the separation of soul and body, the patriot flung the sailor a shilling.

The sigh, however, though not the shilling, was lost on the sailors : who, roused from their recumbent posture on the shingle by a signal to re-embark, with a loud laugh at the senator’s credulity, rejoined, without signing the petition, their companions, who, having completed the watering, bore away in the boats for the brig.

CHAPTER X.

PHILANDERING,

OR

AMATORY POLITICS.

Oh! the long evenings of duets and trios!
The admirations and the speculations;
The "Mamma Mio's!" and "Amor Mio's!"
The "Tanti palpiti's," on such occasions.

BYRON.

THE continuation of fine weather, and a steady calm, of above a week's duration, left the *Spitfire's* people ample opportunity to prosecute the task of refitting the vessel; and, happily for Burton, kept open the communication between the brig and Camperdown Cottage.—Every evening some pretext or other served for his

appearing an unbidden, though not unwelcome, guest to both Emily and her uncle.—There is a certain footing of familiarity, upon which persons soon get, who are pleased with each other's society ; which precludes the necessity of renewing a formal invitation at every parting ; more especially in the country, or under circumstances which lead the parties to infer, these opportunities will not hereafter be of frequent recurrence. The old gentleman was absolute master of his own house, or, as he used to term it, “captain of his own ship ;” and, as respected the individuals of his profession, was eminently hospitable ; so that, although he never re-invited his young friend, at parting, he always chid him on his appearance in the evening, for not having availed himself of the general invitation given on the first day of their acquaintance, and made one at the dinner table. Indeed, the veteran would jocosely say, it was his own fault if he did not join the party at the cottage, as he observed, “Tom Tiller never neglected,

according to the custom of the service in his time, to hoist the dinner flag in the garden ; so that any seaman, who was hungry, could not mistake the signal." Burton's only mode of parrying this cordiality was, to repeat his sense of obligation, and plead the necessity he was under of attending to the details of duty on board: an attention which, he observed, was rendered the more imperative on the officers of the ship, in consequence of Captain Staunch's having resorted to refit, contrary to the practice of the service, to Dartmouth, which was not a King's port.

This apology never failed to draw forth from Crank a remonstrance on the impropriety of departing from the practice in his day—notwithstanding the cogent reasons which Burton had given for this preference, and which the reader may recollect.

Had Burton been an ordinary, or uninterested visitor at the cottage, he perhaps would have formed one of the dinner party daily; or, at

least, whenever he could obtain permission from his captain. But, circumstanced as he felt himself, he inferred he should feel more at his ease in 'dropping in' after this meal was concluded.—His visits were sufficiently numerous and protracted to develop, as he thought, to Mrs. Crank, the real state of his feelings with respect to her daughter; and as he had no reason to imagine himself a favourite, or, in other words, his fortunes acceptable in the light of a son-in-law to that politic lady, he contented himself with thus embracing the opportunity of visiting, and enjoying Emily's society, without incurring any more serious obligation. The uncle, on whose bounty she was dependent, far from being alarmed at these visits, or partaking in the prudential scruples of his sister, felt rather flattered by the attentions thus markedly paid to his favourite; nor was it without some share of professional pride that he witnessed the preference Emily displayed for the intelligent lieutenant.—She appeared to enter into the spirit

of any little professional controversy in which the commodore and his young friend sometimes engaged: and even presumed, on some occasions, to mediate between them, by suggesting, that their amicable differences were easily to be reconciled, by taking into consideration the difference of the systems adopted by the profession, in her uncle's time, and in the present day.—This assumption of the office of arbitrator, in nautical matters, the gallant old officer always treated as a piece of pretty impertinence on the part of his niece; and, whilst in his wag-gish way he used to scold her for a sea-lawyer, he, at other times, fondly ransacked all his classic recollections from "Steel's Navy List," to dub her by the names of his favourite vessels in the service.—On one occasion, his partiality so far overcame his prudence, as to induce him to ask the young lieutenant, in a way which Burton thought happily equivocal, if not positively allusive to an union which already was beginning to be near his heart—"whether the

girl, on a pinch, would not make a pretty fair specimen of a ‘Reefer,’ or pass, in time, for a *Luff*.”

To secure his growing interest with the old gentleman ; or perhaps as much through an anxiety to make some return for his kindness, Burton gave him a barometer, on an improved principle ; graduated according to both Reaumur’s and Fahrenheit’s scale, which he had the gratification to perceive, soon occupied a chosen site in his own chamber.—But the present which Crank most valued, was one which cost Burton not a little labour in the preparation, and consisted in a complete code of the newly-adopted signals, illustrated handsomely with coloured graphic exemplifications of the various flags, cornets, and pendants, in use : which, with their order, and almost infinite series of relative positions, render them so comprehensive a medium of telegraphic communication. As Burton had spared no pains in making the interior of the work valuable, he had recourse to one of the topmen,

who, before he ran away to sea, served half an apprenticeship to a book-binder; in order to render its exterior worthy of the contents.—Their joint labours produced a pretty volume of gilt Bath letter paper, neatly bound in blue and gold; the materials for which had recklessly been abstracted by the lieutenant from a new morocco portfolio; purchased, when last at Plymouth, to preserve his marine sketches and drawings from the profane clutches of shipmates in shaving.

The value of this present was enhanced by the compliment which accompanied its first presentation; and its perusal formed regularly a part of the veteran's morning avocations.—Insensibly his prejudices against Burton, as a votary of innovation, and enemy to the fame of the ancient worthies of the profession, began to give way to kindlier feelings, and an admiration of the intelligent young seaman.—Although the ardour with which he defended the old school never abated, the lieutenant perceived it was

rather the effect of pride, reluctant to yield to a junior on points of service, than of a consciousness of being his young friend's superior in any thing but in standing.—His time, too, now never lay heavy on his hands; and the listlessness which so often attends the retirement of men accustomed to the activity of a professional life, was completely chased away by his renewed studies, the frequent visits of Burton, and the constant inspection of the little man-of-war below, from the grass-plat; where his frequent perambulations had accurately marked out eight paces in the decayed verdure.—In these excursions he was often accompanied by his fair niece, whose awakened curiosity, with respect to nautical matters, afforded him daily increased delight; not without a mixture of regret that she had not been a boy; as nothing else, in his opinion, was wanting to ensure her being, at the least, a Rear-Admiral.

The lieutenant needed hardly any other apology for the frequency of his visits at the

cottage, beyond the kind welcome he always experienced from its owner ; and yet he felt it due to himself to provide some pretext for availing himself of opportunities for enjoying the society of Emily alone. — Her musical talents were considerable ; and, in this respect, much pains had been taken with her education.—She played with spirit ; and her ambition for display induced her to devote much more time to the study of music, than is usual with young ladies escaped from the tedious sameness of boarding-school discipline. Her voice was a clear and sweet soprano, of considerable compass ; and sufficiently flexible to enable her to accomplish executorial passages, with a facility which perhaps too often induced her to indulge rather profusely in ornament.—Singing was an accomplishment, beyond all others, best suited to the taste of Burton, who, from early youth, had contracted a passion for music, which he had matured by the facilities afforded him during a long continuance on the Mediter-

anean station. Here, whenever in harbour, his associates were selected from amongst the amateurs of that art, which, with the Italians, is styled, by way of eminence, ‘divine.’—Being once imbued with the true principles of the art, his taste rapidly improved, and the feeling with which, in his first essays, he sung the popular airs of Mozart, Cimarosa, and others, was softened, by increasing judgment, into all the mellow richness of Italian perfection. It was not wonderful, with such tastes, that Emily and he found themselves often alone, exploring the beauties of Italian composition, to which every other ear in the house was comparatively indifferent; and that, independently of other motives of preference, the society of each became mutually valuable to the other.

The hours of every succeeding evening flew rapidly by, until the dusky dimness of fading twilight deprived them of this pretext for prolonging their studies alone; and those enemies to unreserved communication, candles, obtru-

sively poured their unwelcome glare on every conscious feature.

It must, however, be confessed, that the sentiments they felt for each other were as dissimilar as their sex. Emily found it impossible to withhold from him her admiration and esteem. She, however, went no further : and her conduct towards him would scarcely warrant any inference, that she felt more than a decided preference for his society ; whilst the kindling fervour of his growing attachment displayed itself hourly, by every possible effort to awaken her interest, and recommend himself to her esteem.

Although eminently calculated to awaken a fervent and absorbing passion in others, there was a self-possession, and, at times, a levity in her manner, which seemed to indicate that she could not so easily become (to use a metaphysical distinction) its subject, as its object. Neither was it likely that a girl of her ambition and desire of distinction should be much flattered,

as far as respected his present rank or circumstances, by the attentions of a young officer, whose fortune was to be cut out by his sword ; and who could not parry the objection, as to want of wealth, by an appeal to his hereditary influence, or high family connection, which is sometimes considered as its equivalent. She too, it is to be recollected, though left an orphan, without a guinea, had long since learned to consider herself an heiress, as well as to appreciate her marked superiority in point of accomplishments above her young acquaintances.

There was one person in the family, who, could she have considered the connection probable, would certainly have shewn her disinclination to it in the most decided way. This was her mother ; but she never suffered herself to believe that her daughter could so lightly estimate her attractions, or undervalue her expectations, as to think of Burton, but in the light of an intelligent, agreeable acquaintance ; whose company, as she could enjoy it but for

a very short period, she was the more disposed to turn to advantage. Indeed, it was to be doubted, whether old Crank himself, partial as he was to the profession in general, and his new acquaintance in particular, would have consented, upon an affair of so much consequence, to waive the strong objections there existed to so unequal a union.

An apprehension that such might be the real state of both the mother and uncle's feelings, restrained the lieutenant from any avowal of a passion, which, if disclosed ere he had secured an interest in Emily's affection, might have disappointed all his hopes. Besides, his natural ardour prompted him to rely on the display of his acquirements, his assiduities, and his devotion, in secret, to a girl, who, young as she was, possessed a very considerable share of self-esteem, and who appeared to think too highly of herself, and was too impatient of controul, not to have resented as an insult his attempting to derive any influence, in such a

delicate conjuncture, from the avowed countenance of her uncle to his suit. That the veteran might, in time, become an auxiliary, he had reason to hope; but his consent to a union with his niece would, he knew, be prospective, and only conditional on his obtaining promotion; whilst he was aware there was a positive obstacle to his wishes in the mother, who, with all her sectarian saintliness, felt the value of "this world's goods;" and having herself a proud spirit, and a lofty ambition, imagined her daughter possessed sufficient mental and personal attractions, independently of her excellent expectations, to command a distinguished alliance.

CHAPTER XII.

A VISIT AFLOAT.

“ There he arriving, round about doth flie,
And takes survey with busy, curious eye :
Now this, now that, he tasteth *tenderly*.”

SPENSER.

THE watering of the ship being now completed, and her rigging ‘set up’ and refitted, Crank, yielding to the lieutenant’s powers of persuasion, at length consented to accompany his family on a visit afloat. The forenoon following had been fixed for this aquatic excursion ; and as Burton had on one or two

occasions apprized his commander and Hasty that the veteran was no ordinary critic in nautical matters, though of the old school ; more than usual preparations for his reception had been meditated by the senior lieutenant.

Indeed Hasty was one of those officers, not unfrequently found in the service, more scrupulously strict in the enforcement of trifling commands, than studiously attentive to duties of greater importance. Having passed his noviciate under a rigid disciplinarian, the slightest omissions were considered by him unpardonable transgressions. Neglecting to sweep down the decks ere the sound of the bell had ceased to vibrate upon the ear, (for every half hour Hasty had the birch-brooms in busy requisition), or even not removing an ' Irish pennant,' or straggling rope-yarn from the rigging, were, in the first lieutenant's opinion, punishable offences of considerable enormity. Such was the acute effect trifles of this nature produced on his official sensitiveness, that either a feverish fretfulness,

or a short-lived fit of severe discipline, was sure to follow any slight error, or unintentional disobedience of orders. He was less of a seaman than Burton; indeed to compare them together, as expert officers, would be an injustice to the latter. Hasty was not (as is customary in the service) selected by his captain: the captain found him, like any other timber head, a fixture in the ship. As, however, he exerted himself to the utmost to satisfy his superior, Staunch was of too noble and generous a spirit to displace him on his accession, for another, who perhaps might have surpassed him in system and seamanship, but certainly not in valour. In a soldier or a sailor, courage, like charity, covers a multitude of sins; and it is not in human nature, (and more particularly with men exposed to constant danger, and whose lives are continually dependant on the conduct of their superiors,) to be indifferent to the achievements of personal prowess. He was, therefore, in virtue of his office, recognized by the crew as the

captain's viceregent : nor was the delegate unconscious of his power or post. As heir apparent to the state, he often fancied himself in actual possession of the crown, which, had he possessed, never could the prophecy of King Henry the Fourth to his son, have been more literally fulfilled, where he chides him for his eagerness, and exclaims, according to Shakspeare,

“ Oh, foolish youth !

Thou seekest the greatness that will overwhelm thee.”

The master passion overpowered him, more particularly, in his dreams ; and his involuntary midnight confessions betrayed too audibly his aspiring propensities to power and place.—In the stilly hour of the midwatch, when nothing without was heard, save the gentle rippling of the water as the vessel glided under easy sail through the tranquil sea, or the cheering cry of the quarter-master's “ very-well-thyst ” on deck, the occupants of the cabins adjoining his own, were frequently roused from their rosy slumbers

by violent noises and thumpings against the bulkheads, accompanied by many an imprecation against sleeping tars (himself a sleeper), for neglecting to perform their duty whilst employed, as his wandering fancy idly imagined, in taking on board a freight of Spanish dollars and doubloons for account of the West India merchants.*

“D——n your bloods,” said he, on one occasion, imagining he was addressing a launch’s crew alongside, “if a single box slips through those slings, I’ll make the man that slings it jump overboard, and watch like a buoy in the water till it is grappled again.”

From seductive dreams of dominion such as these, it would be vain to expect any thing could rouse him to a sense of his subaltern situation, short of the hoarse tones of the mate.

* This is the most profitable service on which a commander of his majesty’s ships can be employed.—The risk is trifling and the per-centage liberal; and, with the exception of the admiral on the station, and Greenwich Hospital, the freight is the captain’s exclusive perquisite.

of the watch, summoning him to turn out and relieve on deck.

Such is the outline of the character of the second officer on board the *Spitfire*; and, from actual observation, it may not be presumption to assert that he is not without his parallel in the service.

“Come,” said the officer just described, addressing the captain of the afterguard on the evening previous to the veteran’s visit—“let’s have all the holy stones and bibles aft, to muster in a minute.—We must give the decks a double dose in the morning.”

The aforesaid captain scratched his head, made a vain endeavour to smooth his stubborn curly-pate, and bowed a forced assent.—And now brooms, buckets, bibles, swabs, and holy stones were brought aft, and carefully placed under the centinel’s charge, as if these inanimate objects had been gifted with a locomotive power; or had been so long at sea, that there was just reason to dread they were dis-

posed to mutiny in the night, or desert before morning.*

A little after four o'clock, or, as it is termed, the time for 'turning the hands up,' the dead silence of the 'tween decks was invaded by the unmusical notes of the boatswain rousing the ship's company from their heavy sleep.

"Rouze-and-bit—rouze-and-bit—shew a leg,"—"out or down," with other 'terms of manage,' resounded along the births as the enemy of Somnus cut short the dreams of his companions in arms, some of whom were disporting themselves in green fields and shadowy woods, or perambulating the populous streets of Portsmouth or the metropolis; whilst others were, by the aid of delusive fancy, seated beside Nell, or Poll, or Nance, with a 'stiff glass of grog' before them, in a snug room at the 'back of the Point,' or merrily footing 'Delcaro's,' or the 'College hornpipe,' to the 'enlivening tones of

* Doubtless some few matter-of-fact first lieutenants will quarrel with us for making this a subject of banter.

the viol.'—All these spells were dissolved in a second, whilst many a growl and muttered imprecation were levelled against the consecrated head of the boatswain for his unwelcome intrusion.—Resistance, however, was never thought of; and, in obedience to the summons, the seamen thrust a leg from their hammocks, whose manly mould might have shamed the best muscular specimens of the school of Phidias, or jumped clean out of their pendant dormitories, and commenced 'rigging.'—Had the captain and crew been all disciples of Mahomed, they could not have set apart for washing an hour in the twenty-four more consonant to the principles of the mosque.

The sun had just risen, as if in time to witness the pious ablutions the decks were about to undergo.—They were now wetted, and sprinkled with a light layer of sand all over.—Heavy pieces of Portland stone, with ropes attached to their ends, were hauled to and fro over the wet sand by a detached crew of fourteen men, seven

aside, whilst two or three little barefooted middys, with their trowsers tucked up to their knees, were seen paddling about, superintending the holy-haul of the squads engaged on this duty. — Here and there a topman, and sometimes a ‘Royal’ in scarlet, were observed, bible in hand, on their knees, washing out the *Spitfire’s* stains, and, as it were, cleansing the ways of the wicked. — The discordant noises created by these great blocks, some of which weighed nearly a hundred weight, as they ground down the solid oak of the decks, now grated harshly over its large nails, or occasionally jolted against a ring-bolt with a report which failed not to draw down on the offenders the shrill malediction of some little myrmidon in office, were, to the nicely attuned fibres of the first lieutenant’s ear, sounds sweet as the fabled music of the spheres.

As soon as the fervency of this operation had subsided, and the rincing and swabbing of the decks of the vessel had been completed ; large pieces of canvas were spread and carpeted all

over her planks, lest any unhallowed tread should leave the slightest soil behind.

The sails had been furled afresh, and the yards, from the highest to the lowest, were squared, and re-squared again and again: nor could the most fastidious or accurate eye have detected any want of precision in their parallelism—circumstances attributable to the superior tact of the boatswain of the *Spitfire*, who was not only “*warranted*” sound, but free from the vice of obliquity of vision.

The ship was now ready for the nicest inspection; and, as it happened to be Thursday (a day which, whenever the duty permitted, Staunch allowed to be kept as a holy-day*), the crew were attired in their Sunday, or best mustering suit.

The signal man on the look out had previously received his instructions from Burton,

* In well disciplined ships of war, many officers devote a certain day in the week, purposely, that the crew ‘may overhaul their bags,’ and repair their clothes.

and now reported—"a move was making ashore."—How he obtained this information it was not difficult to divine, for it had been a rule long established by Crank, and implicitly observed by Tiller, that if he only left home for an hour, his colours should be struck till his return.

Dinner had hardly been piped, ere Crank, to save his tide (and not his pea-soup, as the purser had cynically hinted), was seen with his party, accompanied by Burton, shoving off from the shore in his long five-oared yawl:—proud of his ancient honours, when coxswain to the captain of a line-of-battle ship, Tiller acted the part of steersman on the occasion.—At first, the tar, making the most of his one eye, was observed in his little box abaft, lowly seated and nearly bent double; but, on his drawing within discipline range of the 'man-o'-war's buoy,' he changed his cowering posture for an erect attitude, as if to apprise the ship's crew of the respect due to his honoured master and the

freight he had under his charge.—With his left hand to his hat, and his right on the helm, Tiller stood (to use a simile of Stowel's, the master, as he viewed him with waggish delight from the deck), “as stiff in the step as a well stayed stick.”

A bustle, if such it could be called, was now observed on the *Spitfire's* deck.

“Forecastle there!” cried Hasty, addressing the boatswain—“mind,” added he, with a marked emphasis, “you keep the *head* clear, when the ladies are coming alongside.”

The loud earnestness of this caution, did not fail to awaken the curiosity of Emily, who addressed herself to her uncle for its explanation: Crank, who was observed stifling a laugh as the mystic meaning of this monition, which it was never intended should have reached the tintinnabulum of a female ear, was anticipated in his explanation by Burton, who promptly assured her that it was all meant as a compliment to the fair sex, with a view to caution the

men on the forecastle to have their *wits* about them when the ladies arrived alongside.

Old Tiller, who was not so easily cajoled, and relished a joke in his heart, could stand it no longer—so laughed outright, but as suddenly checked himself on seeing Burton frown.

Emily looked incredulously in her uncle's face—

Mrs. Crank took the explanation like a shrewd woman, exclaiming—"Dear me! how very considerate."

Crank merely hemmed.—

The chair destined to transport the ladies aloft, had been already slung in red ropes, and, decorated with tassels *à la Prusse* and 'Turks' heads,' in compliment to the fair, was now 'brought to the gangway,' though not 'seized up.'—Flags of all colours and nations were placed in it to enshrine the fair form of Emily, and conceal the waning charms of her mother. In order to plumb the gangway, the main-yard had been braced a little forward, a precau-

tion necessary to allow the '*whip*' to hang over the heads of the ladies, as they now arrived alongside.

After no little fuss, and becoming share of feminine terrors, had been displayed on the occasion, which the gallant lieutenant had great difficulty in allaying, Emily at length, yielding to the entreaties of her mother, (whose right of precedence was only relinquished from feelings of fear), contentedly resigned her pretty person to her admirer, and submitted to the operation of being, as sailors express it, 'slung for shipping.'

Burton, who was as busy as a bee, sipping sweets from the flower, appeared to indulge in a little unnecessary delay, whilst enfolding Emily as if she had been added to the constellations, amongst the stars of an American ensign, and confining her little feet in the blushin buntin. This was not unnoticed by Crank, who, pushing the lieutenant playfully aside, remarked with a laugh that—"young men were,

now-a-days, like lap-dogs, once down at the feet of a lady, and there was no getting them up."

Perceiving Emily all prepared for her aërial ascent, he addressed himself to Hasty, who was then looking over the side—"Come, Sir," said he, "off she goes."

At the word, the rope, from which the chair containing the now agitated girl had been suspended, was carried with a smooth and rapid motion aloft, through the block on the yard overhead, and, as if by a species of *legerdemain*, the fair Emily was suddenly 'whipped' away from her petrified parent, (who was observed declining her head on the sympathizing bosom of the doctor,) and as suddenly transported to the giddy regions above, motionless with terror. After soaring stationary like a hawk on the wing for a few seconds, she was lowered easily on deck, and released from her confinement by Staunch, who welcomed her with all the easy politeness and affability, peculiar to a really well bred gentleman.

No sooner had the chair been lighted of its fair load, than it was again lowered over the side to receive, if not so heavenly a freight, indisputably a more pious piece of goods. Indeed the matron was sticking, like one of his own leeches, to Senna, who already felt a distaste to this party of pleasure ; and Mrs. Crank, though her tongue had long been accustomed to run on familiarly upon the necessity of turning her thoughts to things above, could not be induced to raise her eyes *aloft*.—Neither the arguments of Senna, founded on the safety of her daughter's flight on board, nor the assurances of Burton, could remove from her mind the apprehension that the rope would break.—Indeed, she argued the point so consistently, that she very unguardedly, considering the doctor was the party addressed, appealed more than once to their disparity, in point of weight and size, to justify her suspicions she should not be as fortunate as Emily in her ascent.

“ Brother ! brother ! ” she reprobachfully ex-

claimed, as Senna handed her to the ‘ whip.’—
“How cruel of you to bring me to this!”

“Bring you to *what*?” cried Crank, petulantly, impatient at this needless alarm.—
“Hang it, you make as much fuss about the matter, as if they were going to clap the rope round your neck, and run you up to the yard-arm!”

This broadside had the desired effect—Senna was silent; and the fair sufferer reluctantly consigning, like other criminals, her body to the surgeon, she, as though it were her last dying request, implored Burton ‘to go quiet with the rope.’

The same signal was repeated.

“Off she goes,” reiterated the delighted Crank.

“Away with her now,” bellowed the boatswain, “handsomely a bit—what are you side-boys about, that you don’t bear off the chains?—There you are—whip away now.”

This incongruous collision of professional

terms, so capable of misapplication, as to their actual meaning, was likely enough to bewilder the fancy of a woman, from previous circumstances already excited. The hoarse bawling of the boatswain; the strange misapplication of the term, "handsomely," to her unhandsome treatment, in being hoisted on board like a wool-pack; her terror at finding herself at the mercy of boys; animals, in her opinion, as mischievous as monkeys, all conspired to make her unconscious of what she was to do or suffer. The allusion, however, to chains, was not lost on her, but produced a singular association in her mind, for when landed on deck, it was perceived she had, ludicrously enough, still got hold of the only one within her reach,—a small Maltese, gold neck-chain, to which her "quizzing-glass," was appended.

The little party had scarcely been introduced by Burton to his captain, and walked three paces towards the "companion" or stair leading to the cabin, ere an exclamation burst from

Emily's lips, similar to that which never fails to fall from every female, on viewing, for the first time, the brilliant whiteness of a man-of-war's deck ; heightened by contrast with the parallel black lines intersecting its ample breadth, with a regularity whose pleasing effect on the eye, was not exceeded by the most tasteful chalkings of a modern ball-room floor.

“What a charming place for a dance !” said she, pointing her toe, and stepping more firmly on the advanced foot, as if to try the elasticity of the planks.

“Perhaps,” said Staunch, “as you appear an amateur, we may be able, ere leaving the port, to make up a small party on board in our plain way : and you, Madam,” added he, turning to Mrs. Crank, “will I hope, condescend to favour us with your presence as lady patroness.”

The courteous manner of Staunch's invitation threw the matron off her guard, and she already appeared, by a slight inclination of her

head, to acquiesce in the nomination, despite of her principles.

Emily frankly confessed, she should be quite delighted to ‘dance with Ariel on the waves,’—adding “it would be *tout à fait* an agreeable novelty.”

The captain now had taken her unresisting hand, and presumed to express a hope, that his lameness would not deprive him of the honour of opening the ball with her.

Influenced, perhaps, by the barometer of Burton’s countenance, which, she perceived, fell suddenly at this proposition, she hesitatingly observed; that “it would be rather premature to form any positive engagement, on the bare possibility of such an occurrence.”

The captain, piqued by this observation, pledged himself to remove the force of that objection, by fixing a day before they left the ship.

The company descended, by Staunch’s invitation, to partake of some refreshments prepared in his cabin. Crank, whose eye wandered in-

quisitively about him in all directions, mutely accepted the civilities of his affable host; but Emily appeared delighted with the novelty of the scene, and every thing on board; nor did she seem altogether insensible to Staunch's frank and fascinating manners. Her admiration of his captain, was quickly perceived by Burton. The influence of the 'green-eyed monster' had already darkened his brow, and dimmed the brilliancy of his eye. He was, for some time, reserved and silent. The ardour which characterized his attentions, perceptibly abated; and had not it been for a kind and re-assuring glance from the object of his devotion, it might have fallen to our lot, as the chroniclers of these events, to record his having, during the night, slipped slily over the side in a fit of despair; and being reported among the missing at muster.

The repast being ended, Crank now appearing impatient to pursue his inspection of the ship, the party again re-assembled on deck. As Staunch had not as yet sufficiently recovered

from his lameness, to accompany Crank in his critical tour, Hasty supplied the place of his captain; whilst Burton and Emily kept in the back-ground, in the rear of Senna and her mother.

In his present mood, it may be presumed, that very little was necessary to occasion an explosion of the veteran's critical bile. The 'sights' on the guns, first attracting his notice, he inquired of Hasty, "What these gimcracks meant." The lieutenant informed him, "that they were termed sights, and used for the purpose of enabling the men to take aim with nicer precision."

"Sights, indeed!" cried Crank; "*I* never saw such *sights*!—Well, it may be an improvement to be sure—fighting at long balls, with mounted telescopes. I know, in my time, we were above such cold-blooded, cowardly butchery. No! no! Sir; d—n all such stand-off work—come, muzzle to muzzle—that's my maxim; follow up

that sort o' *fun*, and you'll soon riddle your opponent."

"That's a' vera weel, Sir," said Stowel, in a broad Newcastle accent, as he had just fallen into the veteran's train—"but what er you to do," asked the master, "if your opponent won't let you approach him? Suppose he sails better than you, and ha' got the weather gage o' you?—and, moreover, prefers long bolls to close quarters—what er you to do then—eh?"

"I say, Mister Burton," cried Crank, in an under tone, and casting his eye contemptuously towards the speaker,—“who may that gentleman be? If he be the *master*, the discipline's damnably altered since my day."

"Perhaps th' alteration is a' the beeter for the sarvice," said the master, in a surly and sarcastic tone, which failed not to reach its intended object.

In his progress forward, Crank suddenly stopped to examine a novel apparatus, which

had been recently affixed to the breach of one of the bow-chasers.*

“What have we here?” said he, pointing to an arched index, which gave the angular elevation or depression of the gun.

“That, Sir,” said Hasty, “we term a quadrant.”

“A quadrant!—a quadrant!” reiterated the veteran, with a hoarse laugh—“I say, Emily, my dear,” drawing his niece, from metal more attractive, to inspect cold iron—“I say, you’ve often heard me talk of *shooting the sun*, hav’n’t you? Well, see here,” added he, placing himself in a ludicrous position, as he looked along the sight of the gun—“this is the way we do it *now*.—Had you there, eh, Burton?—ha!—ha! ha!”

Burton, who had been, hitherto, too warmly assailed by the artillery of the *eyes*, to be in-

* The guns placed most forward, and those employed in a stern chase ; or when the fugitive is directly a-head.

terested in any scientific discussion on the *sights* of cannon, drily exclaimed—

“ Ah, Sir, this is but one of the many provident contrivances, lately invented, for rapidly replenishing the population of the other world.”

“ How do you mean, Sir ? ” sharply interrogated Crank.

“ Why, Sir, to provide against the consequences of a too superabundant population, and co-operate in the benevolent projects of the Malthusian philosophy.”

“ *Mathusalem* ?—Damn it, man, he never was at sea—was he, sister ?—you know best.—If you go so far back, Burton, for a wrinkle, why not try old *Noah* on a wind ?—he was something of a tar, in his time—though I believe, too, he never saw a shot fired in anger in his life.—Eh, Mr. Senna ? ”

“ Just so,” briefly replied the compounder of drugs.

“ But I see how it is,” resumed the veteran—
“ I suppose, by and by, to cope with the

Yankee cannibals, who, they tell me, have invented an engine for throwing scalding water on the decks of their victims, and boiling them alive; we must help the vultures out with a volley of hot parsley-and-butter to make them relish their carrion."

The only reply to this partly angry, partly comic effusion, elicited from Burton, consisted in an unfinished quotation—

"When Greek meets Greek——"

"Greek, Sir," said Crank, interrupting the lieutenant in his quotation—"the whole business is *Hebrew* to me.—Come," continued he, addressing Hasty, and turning away from the guns—"let's now look aloft."

Though as yet a silent looker-on in the rear, Tiller fully participated in the spirit of his master's remark.—It was completely *tel maître tel valet*.—Each thing derided by Crank, was held in contempt by Thomas; who silently manifested his disapprobation of every novelty or

invention by a scornful curl of the upper lip, accompanied by a dissenting shake of the head, as he squirted out, to the great annoyance of Hasty, his tobacco-juice on the snow-white deck.

Missing, in his minute examination of the rigging aloft, those small lines which were formerly used for keeping the foot of the top-sails clear of the top-rim, Crank, nudging Burton, pointed to his sister, and whispered—

“I say, it would be well if *some* here could remove the ‘*crow’s-feet*’ from the corner of their top-lights, as easily as Captain Staunch has taken *his* from his top-rims.”

After again looking in the same direction aloft, he dropped his glass from his eye, and, in his surprise, caught suddenly his sister’s arm.—By the grasp (perfectly unintentional) of the old gentleman, her attention was arrested by that which was professionally meant only for the ear of the lieutenant, whilst he muttered in a tone of horror—

“ See here !—they’ll *strip* her next ! you scarcely treat the craft with common decency.—What’s become of the *mice* on her stays ? ”

The singular associations awakened in her mind by this extraordinary allusion to animals, which were always objects of terror to her, excited afresh the nervous apprehensions of his sister.—Aware, previously, of those practical jokes, which Crank used humorously to assure her, were practised on the persons of the fair who ventured afloat, the intimation of *mice* on her stays, alarmed her beyond measure.—In fact, no announcement of the most serious danger could have given her feelings a greater shock.—She screamed aloud, jumped up and down in a perpendicular direction, all the while vehemently shaking her clothes, in the full persuasion that some mischievous urchin had had the rudeness to practice on her fears, and to thrust mice down her back between her gown and stays.—It was with some difficulty, and not until she had afforded much amusement to the sailors, who are

amateurs of every species of dancing, however singular, that she could be so far calmed, as to comprehend that the allusion was not meant to the obnoxious animals named, but to certain knots, worked on the collars of the lower and top-mast-stays.

Like many individuals, who torture their friends into an admiration of the domestic comforts they possess, as they drag their reluctant visitors through every corner of their ill-assorted houses ; so, Hasty, imagining his were as much interested in his hobby as himself, proposed that the party should inspect minutely every crevice of the regions below.

To afford a full view of the ‘tween-decks,’ the tars were turned up, and though the lower deck was lighted expressly for the occasion, with candles, placed before burnished tin reflectors, still the vision could scarcely be said to be assisted in so sudden a transition from the broad glare of the sun, to the illuminated gloom be-

neath, crossed here and there by these concentrated rays of light.

Already Crank and Hasty had descended to the lower-deck, by the fore-hatchway ladder; when Emily, at the expense of exhibiting to her devoted conductor a well-turned ankle, followed her mother and Senna in succession.

“How delightful!” exclaimed the veteran’s niece, affecting admiration at the dazzling glare of the reflections below, which, from the “darkness visible” around, might not have been inaptly compared to plating on a coffin.

“Oh, delightful indeed!” re-echoed Mrs. Crank, with a chuckle, and an elevation of her head which brought her occiput into awkward collision with the beams above.—

“What a shockingly *low* ceiling!” exclaimed the injured fair one, in an altered tone—“I wonder how they breathe here!”

Determined as Emily was to achieve the heroine, both she and her mother seemed to tread this deck as if instinctively apprehensive

that each foot would rouse the slumbering anger of a venomous reptile.—Nor were the ladies alone taken aback.—Had the quiet spirit of Benbow been disenthralled from the dominion of Pluto, and suffered to revisit the well-economised and orderly haunts of the *Spitfire's* crew, his surprise would not have been greater than that which Crank testified, when his optic nerve was assailed by a *coup d'œil*, so unusual and appalling.—Indeed, such was the effect the illumination had upon his heated imagination, that he was at first tempted to cry out, *fire*, or assume the command, and order the ‘firemen’ below to put it out. The dignity of the veteran, however, quickly re-asserted itself, and he endeavoured to account for the involuntary surprise which had been excited, by exclaiming, with a sneer—

“ Hey-dey, Mister First Lieutenant—things are come to a pretty pass in the service when *Jack's* birth is lit up like a ball-room.—In my time a fellow was d——d glad to find the way

to his mouth by the glimmer of a rope-yarn greased in pork-slush."

Then stifling an oath, which he felt would be thrown away in a case so hopeless; and moderating, as he thought, the expression of his feelings within the line of dignified rebuke, he despondingly ejaculated—

"Well, well—it's no matter—I see how it is—the service is going headlong to the devil!"

The only individual amongst the seamen, who, during this inspection, had been permitted to remain on the 'tween-decks, was an elderly quarter-master, whose devotion to his studies, procured him this exclusive privilege. Though becoming a student late in life, he had discovered an extraordinary aptitude for the acquirement of languages orally; or, in other words, he could patter Dutch, Spanish, and Portuguese, with a fluency which made him pass on board for a perfect linguist. His prejudices against the nation had stood in the way of his acquiring the French language; until a consciousness of

its utility was awakened, by frequent intercourse with the natives of the Islands of ‘*Houatt*’ and ‘*Hedic*’ in the Bay of Biscay, where our cruisers on that station, were in the habit of repairing to complete their water ; and, by the lieutenant’s advice, he had, in an evil hour, determined to acquire the language grammatically.

“What are your studies, my man?” asked Crank, as he approached the linguist, who was sitting solitarily in his birth, as if plotting mischief or wooing the muses. “You seem rather busily occupied?”

“Busy, Sir !” said the bald-headed tar, rising from his seat, and removing the quid, on which he ruminated, from his mouth ;—“I’ve been as busy as a bee in a tar-bucket the most o’ the morn, trying to take the thoro-puts out of these here thundering French pronouns—but I believe I must give it up for a bad job ; unless Mister Burton there, will lend me a fist to clear the kile.”

Here Burton acquainted the veteran that his venerable *protégée* (for he was quarter-master of his watch) had, by his knowledge of their language, already succeeded in facilitating the capture of some Dutch and Spanish vessels. His zeal for the service had inspired him with a desire to qualify as decoy on the French coast ; and added, that his want of acquaintance with the language, was the only impediment which stood in its way ; as he was an absolute *Proteus* in adopting the disguise, (as far as respected externals,) of every sea-faring nation, whether friend or foe.

Despite of Crank's cynical remarks, the births or mess-places, were really tastefully fitted up. Their tables were scoured perfectly white, and on the top of each stood a grog-kid, or small tub, with its handle and hoops brightly burnished.

“ For what purpose are these ? ” asked Emily, pointing to the tubs.

“ Those, my dear ?—those are milk-pails,”

drily answered Crank—"For, I suppose," continued he, turning to Burton, "Jack now takes cream with his tea"—a sally which convulsed poor Tiller with a loud roar of laughter, and drenched his only eye with a salt effusion of delight.

Proceeding aft to the marines' births, the ladies' sensibilities were doomed again to be shocked, by the loud and petulant inquiry of the veteran on perceiving a line of huge boxes, drawn up on either side of the mess-tables.

"Holloa!—holloa!—What have we here?—Are these arm chests?"

"No," replied Hasty, with a smile; "these are the *midshipmen's* chests."

"*Midshipmen's* chests?—midshipmen's fiddlesticks," cried Crank, his eyes flashing with indignation. "Why, damn it, Sir, each is as big as a jolly-boat—I know when *I* was a young *gentleman*, I thought myself in high luck to get hold of a purser's candle-box to pack up

my traps. But I see how it is," said he, shaking his head, and leaving his usual doleful prediction unfinished.

Contrasted with the dark, dirty holes, enclosed with greasy hanging screens, in which young gentlemen of Crank's day were doomed to domicile; the 'midshipman's birth' of the Spitfire, presented an orderly and cleanly appearance. A rich mounted glass lamp, suspended from the beams, gave light to the cabin. The pannels of the bulkheads were tastefully ornamented with stars, composed of dirks, swords crossed, and other weapons of war. No doctor's 'medicine chest,' covered with a dirty hammock, or piece of greasy canvas, was suffered to usurp the name or offices of a mess-table. Here, to Crank's surprise, were seen no broken tea-cups strewn about; no cracked mustard-pots, black Jacks, or battered tin tureens; which last in *his* day, encumbered the table at all hours, and served, as occasion required, the double purpose of containing grog or 'serving out soup.' All

appeared clean, and arranged with a due regard to neatness and comfort. A good oak table, covered with a green cloth, occupied the centre of the birth, on which lay a few well bound books, whose titles reflected credit on the selectors.

Having now completed their inspection, the party appeared on deck, preparatory to leaving the ship.—Pending the operation of ‘hauling up,’ and ‘manning’ the veteran’s boat, Crank had drawn the captain aside to the taffrail, where he detained and held him firmly with his left arm ; whilst, from the vehemence of his manner and the sway of his right, which resembled that of a boatswain’s mate in the act of flogging an offender, it struck Burton, that the old gentleman was occupied in the very difficult task of convincing this stubborn apostle of the new school, that his system was erroneous ; his regulations imperfect ; and his notions of discipline far too lenient for the service.—The blood at length rose in the old gentleman’s face ; his eyes

shot fire ; with his right hand raised aloft in air, and standing on tiptoe, through intense energy, he appeared to be concluding his arguments, as clearly as action could convey his sentiments, (for no sound reached Burton's ear ;) with an assurance, that nothing short of giving half the crew ' three dozen ' a piece, every morning before breakfast, deserve it or not, could ensure good discipline on board a king's ship, or render his authority respected.—The good humoured commander, now released from his grasp, laughed heartily, whilst he shook Crank very cordially by the hand, as if to atone for his obstinacy in error ; and the old gentleman hurried to rejoin his party (who were by this time all embarked), and departed in a state of excitement impossible to be conceived.

CHAPTER XIV.

FATAL FESTIVITIES.

The world is full of strange vicissitudes,
And here was one exceedingly unpleasant.

BYRON.

IN the evening of the subsequent day the repose of the cottage was invaded by the appearance of an unexpected guest. Whether it was to be attributed to the increased attention paid by the surgeon of the ship to his patient, at his earnest request ; and the more frequent application of a potent embrocation ; or to causes purely natural and unconnected with medical skill, certain it is that Captain Stauch had so

rapidly, since Emily's visit afloat, recovered from the effects of his late accident, that he was enabled, after cautiously abstaining from any unnecessary exercise of the limb for near thirty hours, to draw his Spanish leather boots once more on both legs, and direct the gig to be manned to put him on shore, for the first time since his arrival in harbour.—A very short time elapsed before he presented himself to the family at Camperdown Cottage, where he was received with unaffected cordiality by Crank, who, in the true spirit of old fashioned, or what the *haut ton* would call plebeian hospitality, produced his best bottle as a proof of the sincerity of his welcome.

It must not be presumed this was a visit of mere ceremony.—Already preparations had been commenced by Captain Staunch to fulfil his pledge to Emily, as to the marine ball; and before a second glass had been despatched, the captain made a tender of his credentials to the ladies in the form of cards of invitation to each,

together with a number of others in blank; which he requested they would fill up with the names of such friends as they would have invited, had the merry meeting been at their own house.—By a singular coincidence, which did not escape the notice of Emily, the disproportion between the number of cards requesting the honour of *her* company, and those soliciting the honour of *his* company, were pretty nearly, as Mrs. Crank ‘*blueishly*’ observed, in the ratio of the greater number of females born to that of males, according to the opinion prevalent amongst modern philosophers.

The captain apologized for the disparity, on the plea that all his officers and young gentlemen would, but for this precaution, be perhaps condemned to the fate of Tantalus, should the ladies by accident prefer their own neighbours as partners.

Emily presumed to hint, that as the ladies of her acquaintance were, for rural nymphs, sufficient judges of etiquette to know that such

a neglect would appear both ungracious and ungrateful, there was every probability that his suspicions were unfounded.

Whilst the captain endeavoured to interest the ladies in the fate of his young friends on board, so that they might not be disappointed of partners, Crank seemed lost in thought ; but, in a minute after, brightened up, and roared aloud with delight—

“Let me alone—I have it—I have it—no danger, but the craft shall be mann’d.”

“Mann’d !” said Emily, “the difficulty seems to be quite the other way, uncle.”

“Difficulty, my dear,” said he, “none in the world.—Mann’d she *shall* be—for sooner than there should be a want of hands, I’ll make one of the *gang* to board Miss Monitor’s seminary, and press all the able-bodied school-girls into the service.”

At this unexpected sally on the part of the veteran, who had never previously been suspected of any daring acts of gallantry, except in

the face of the enemy, the whole party joined in laughter.

Emily assured her uncle, that she would use all her influence with her friends to prevent the necessity of proceeding to such alarming extremities ; whilst the captain was too strict a disciplinarian not to remind the old gentleman that an Admiralty warrant, backed by the mayor of the port, would be necessary to authorize so hot a press on that station.

The time was agreeably spent in *badinage* of this sort, until tea was announced. The matron's manner towards Staunch during the evening, sufficiently proved that it was only necessary he should oftener avail himself of the hospitality of Camperdown Cottage to establish himself, with at least one individual of the family, a decided favourite. Emily displayed her obedience to her mother's commands, and the captain's wishes, by performing a *concerto* on the piano, with so much spirit and execution, that whilst he complimented her on her acquirement, he could not refrain

from expressing his surprise that his lieutenant had never apprized him of her musical talents.— Any old woman could have explained the reason of Burton's silence. But his captain was, in the best acceptance of the term, a real sailor, and not formed of that stuff which gratuitously engenders suspicion.

After once more recommending the case of his officers to Emily's and her mother's commiseration, to avoid the dread alternative proposed by her uncle, but which, he observed, could not, with classical propriety, occur on board any ship in the service except the *Sabine*; he left the commodore, who was too proud to ask an explanation of a junior, deeply perplexed in attempting to solve this mysterious hint, as to the guilty history of a crack ship in his majesty's service.

‘The early village cock had twice done salutation to the morn,’ which was to consummate the fond anticipations of amusement already

formed by the fashionables at *Dartmouth*, when the old captain's bell rang a corresponding alarm on the drowsy ear of his poor factotum. Tiller was as busy as an unconscious being could be, in recruiting nature, and repairing the consequences of last night's indulgence in good cheer, by a long nap; and if it be fair to argue from his total indifference to his own loud snoring, would have continued whelmed in deep and drowsy sleep, if even summoned by the boatswain's shrill whistle, or the yet louder alarm of a thirty-two pound carronade fired on the same deck; had he not been roused to duty by the insinuation of the elbow of his old rib amongst those of his left side. In evident ill-humour, he growled out—

“Avast there, Misses—what's in the wind now, Bet?”

Being made acquainted with the fact that his master's bell had twice rung, he rose slowly, rubbed the rheum out of his solitary eye, and huddling on some of his clothes, repaired to his master's bed-side.

“This is—sad—sad work—Thomas !” said the veteran, pumping out his words under a paroxysm of pain, as Tiller approached the clews of his cot—for Crank would have considered it an indignity to have been stowed away in a lubberly four-post bed. “I’m sadly—sadly afraid—oh !—bless me ! What a twitch that was—” groaned the old gentleman—“I believe I did—did take a little too much—” exercise, he would have said, but his words were cut short by a groan ; and Tiller was allowed the privilege of mentally concluding it, as he thought most consonant to truth ; muttering, in an under tone, aside—

“I know if *you* didn’t, somebody else did.”

“No, no, Thomas,” continued the afflicted patient,—“I’m not quite in trim—in trim for this trip afloat—I fear—fear they’ll have a wet day of it.”

“I don’t know, Sir—it’s dry enough now—though, I believe, some on ’em had a precious *wet* night of it.”

“ Well, so I thought, for I can’t tell how else to account for this infernal attack—curse it, I don’t know—which aches most—my head or my feet.—I suppose, Thomas, the glass is rather—rather low this morning?”

“ Low, Sir !” said Tiller, shaking his head, perfectly unconscious that Crank was alluding to the state of the barometer, which had been lately presented to his master by Burton—“ I know it’s *lower* nor it *ought* to be—I doesn’t like never to lay it to no one—’kase I never seed the old woman the worse for licker in my life—but——”

“ But what ?—Where the devil are you flying to now ?” interrupted the invalid—“ why, man, it’s the *weather*-glass I mean.”

“ Oh ! I axes your pardon, Sir ; I thought ’twas concerning the bottle o’ rum that was missing last night at supper.”

“ D——n the rum—I want to know how the weather is.—Is the wind in a dry quarter ?”

“ Wind ?—bless your heart, Sir, there’s not

a breath—it's up-and-down, like a dog's fore-leg."

"Well, but how does the day look?"

"Lord, Sir—it's just like a morn up the Straits—the dew on the grass glitters, for all the world, like the gold lace on your honor's roast-beef coat."

"Ah, Thomas!" said Crank, heaving a heavy sigh, "that's always the way with me—when there's any thing pleasant going on, I'm always *in* for it.—D——n it, on the 12th of April,* I was the first fellow to get this infernal gash in the cheek.—But never mind, Thomas—we must take things as they are.—If it comes to the worst—you shall take—take charge of the women afloat;" for Crank disdained the idea of allowing any other boat than his own to convey his family on board.

"But mind," continued he, "don't—don't let the tiller out o' your hand—dangerous to

* Rodney's action.

trust it to a woman, in a tide's-way:—and, observe—be particular, and point out every thing afloat, they don't understand,—just in the same way I would myself.”

“No fear, Sir,—I'll make it as pleasant to the ladies, as if you were there yourself. But, I hope, Sir, you'll be another man after breakfast.”

“No, no, Thomas: I sadly fear I'm in for a week's spell of it—however—give me my traps, and help me to rig—I'll make for the sitting-room, before I get worse—for if I must be on my beam-ends—I may as well be hove down in one place as another.

Tiller had already assisted his crippled master to his usual station at his favourite window, which might be very properly called his observatory, where he received copious directions from Crank, “to have the yawl in crack order; the cushions of the seats, beat and brushed, and the crew cleanly shaved and rigged, ready to muster by seven bells; as he intended to over-

haul all hands, men and women, before they embarked."

Meanwhile, preparations had been making on board, for "rigging out the ball-room." Ere dawn of day, parties were dispatched on shore to procure laurels and evergreens of every description; and despite of strict injunctions to the contrary, many depredations were committed by these marine marauders, amongst the neighbouring shrubberies.

The decks underwent an extraordinary cleaning and grinding, and even water had been heated in the coppers for the occasion. The capstan, like other useless logs, was "unshipped," turned off the quarter-deck, and placed before the mast. Every officer in the ship was busy; and, indeed, far too busy, for Hasty's peace of mind, in directing the decorations and devising suitable emblems, to be chalked upon the deck—nor was the subject unattended with dispute. The master proposed a dragon, spitting fire through a speaking trumpet, as emblematic of

the ship's name. Hasty thought it a privateer-like idea, and that on board a king's ship, nothing could look possibly better than the Crown and Anchor. The purser agreed (as he always did, right or wrong) with the first lieutenant, and thanked his stars " 'twas a day-light dance ;" adding, with the air of a man who thought he was saying a good thing, " If the lady patroness be the *saint* they say, and as fond of a blaze about her, as those of the Romish persuasion, by George, she'd break me in *candles*."

Burton, who had undertaken the part of draughtsman and designer-general, was alone silent ; and heedless of his brother officer's incoherent observations, proceeded in his task, and completed, in different coloured chalks, various classic, and happily conceived devices, on different parts of the deck. In order to make room upon deck, the carronades were run close out to the ship's side, whilst their slides were turned fore-and-aft, on each of which was placed a " spare purser's bed," neatly concealed by a

buntin flag; thus converting the cumbrous bed of this rude-throated engine of war, to the purposes of voluptuous repose, or tender dalliance.

The awning overhead, was so disposed as to assume the form of a handsome canopy, and was splendidly decorated with the Spanish ensign, on the yellow ground of which, a rampant scarlet lion, flanked on either side by tall castles, formed the emblazonry of proud Castilian monarchs.

Spare sails attached to the outer extremities of the awning overhead, and laced tightly below, served to screen in the shrouds. These substitutes for decorated walls, were tastefully hung round with many-coloured flags, and relieved by festoons of flowers and sprigs of laurel.—Like a large prop or pillar, supporting the ceiling, the main-mast, from the awning down to the deck, was dressed in evergreens, interspersed with red and white roses: the whole scene presenting a most picturesque *coup d'œil*.

It was now seven bells, that is to say, half-

past eleven in the morning, when, according to Crank's directions, Tiller exhibited the boat's crew, (who by the bye, were all fishermen of the place) clad in blue jackets, white trowsers, and red waistcoats.* After a close inspection, and a lecture from their master to abstain from spirits, the boatmen were dismissed, and desired to await the arrival of Tiller and the ladies on the beach.

Crank, who knew as well as most people, the value of tide, if not of time, now became excessively fidgetty and impatient, at, as he thought, the unnecessary delay of the ladies at their *toilette*. Nor did his impatience altogether proceed from caprice. He knew his sister was deputed to act as lady patroness, afloat, and therefore was anxious she should be on board

* The venerable chief magistrate of Westminster, appears, in selecting the costume of his crew, or, as they are termed by the "*Fancy*," the "*Robbing Redbreasts*," to have adopted the partialities of the old school of seamen, whose ships' companies, on all occasions were, with the exception of the swallow tails, accoutred like these *blue-birds of passage* of the present day.

in time to prepare for the reception of her female friends. He had already, in vain, implored her to hurry ; when at last perceiving that the tide had turned, and likely to make strongly against the ladies, before their *toilette* was completed, he rang his bell in a rage, and desired the servant who answered it, to give his “compliments to the ladies, and tell them that if they didn’t bear-a-hand, and rig, he should instantly dispatch Tiller on board, to decline the party altogether, particularly as he was himself so great an invalid.”

This peremptory message had the desired effect. Emily aware of her uncle’s capriciousness, particularly when suffering from gout, now hastened to the drawing-room.

“Come!” said Crank, as she entered the room all *gaieté de cœur*—“where’s your mother?—Why I’d heave a three-decker down in one half the time you’ve taken to rig.”

Mrs. Crank now followed her daughter.

“Oh, there you are—are you?—Well, I

knew how it would be—knew you'd dawdle away your time till you'd lose your tide!—However, let's see how you turn out—come, toe-a-line the pair o' you—for I mean to have a reg'lar overhaul o' your rigging before you start tack or sheet."

To keep the old gentleman in good humour, particularly as he appeared now to have a little respite of pain, Emily motioned to her mother to obey orders; when, both advancing together in front of our arbiter of taste, and Emily, disengaging from her shoulders a long silk lavender coloured scarf, Crank exclaimed—

"'Pon my word, Miss Emily, you're braced up sharp enough for a chase on a wind—why, child, you've a waist like a wasp—but I suppose you intend leaving your *sting* behind.—Had you there, eh?—Come, come," continued he, as he looked down at her feet—"you must really shake another reef out—you show too much daylight under the foot o' your fore-sail."

Possibly Emily might have profitted by her uncle's advice, but she was a girl far too well satisfied with her own taste, ever to be, in any way, guided by his.

We have already said she was ambitious; and this feeling is never more legitimately displayed in a female, than when it exhausts its, often dangerous, excitement in an innocent desire to excel others in the suitableness of attire—so far the mode prevailed with her. Perhaps her anxiety for display went a little farther—though she was not, certainly, one of those enthusiasts in the worship of the fickle goddess, Fashion; who, in their eagerness to appear in the height of the mode, do not hesitate to adopt the most culpable, and sometimes ludicrous excesses; so that, if long waists are revived, they are sure to out-waist the young ladies in the days of good Queen Bess; or, if the nether garments of the sex be “curtailed of their fair proportions,” they are almost sure to rival the Bavarian brevity of Liston's petticoats in his broom-girl's

dress.—Of none of these enormities, or monstrosities, was she guilty ; yet still she knew few had a handsomer foot and ankle ; and it is not, therefore, to be wondered at, that she was determined they should be seen.

The matron was the next to pass muster.

“ Come, old lady,” said Crank—“ heave about till I take a-stern view of you.”

No sooner had his sister turned round, than Crank, winking at his niece, jocosely observed,

“ Some of us loom very large abaft—one would think we were going on a smuggling trip.—I know, for *my* part, I shouldn’t like to venture near a man-o’-war carrying a false ——” here he stopped short. “ But never mind,” he continued — “ if the master a’t’arms doesn’t make a search for spirits—there’s no snakes in Virginia.”

The indignant matron now bristled up, and observed, that “ If she was the subject of any vulgar allusion, it was luckily lost upon her—for that she could never comprehend his vile techni-

calities.—Indeed,” added she, “from the manner in which we have been so rudely hurried to embark, I could not have imagined there could have been any time spared for such silly banter.”

“Time!” said the veteran,—“there’s time now for any thing, since you’ve lost your tide—and, moreover, there’s time, too, for closer inspection—for, unless my eyes deceive me very much indeed, you sport an extraordinary flush in your face.”

“Are we going on board, or *not*, Captain Crank?” said the matron, indignantly; at the same time endeavouring to blink her brother’s insinuation.—“Because, if we be, it is full time to send to Mister Senna.”

“Mister Senna!—Mister Senna’s not going with you at all—if I can’t go, nobody, I promise you, shall occupy my place in the stern sheets.—Thomas will take good care of you, and he’s already received his instructions.—But, I say,” added he, in a jocular tone—“tell me candidly, before you start—hav’n’t you?—now, I

don't want to make you blush deeper—hav'n't you had!—you know what I mean—had—recourse to—recourse to *slap** on your cheek.”

“A slap on my cheek!—why, what put *that* in your head?” asked the matron, with a sneer.

“Well, to be more explicit, hav'n't you been tickling your face with the hare's foot?”

“Really, I don't comprehend you.”

“Well, then, since you are determined not to understand either ‘oblique,’ or ‘traverse sailing,’—in plain, downright English, hav'n't you been daubing your face with rouge?”

“Upon my word, Mister Crank, or Commadore, as fools say, to please you,” said the pious matron, ruffled that either her precepts or practices should be suspected, “Your remarks, Sir—and before your niece, too, are insufferably gross.”

Thinking matters were going a little too far, Emily interposed, and said, “Really, uncle, I

* This is a provincial term, confined to the localities of Sallyport, Gosport, and Dock.

thought mamma never looked better; and if she has put on a *leetle* rouge, I'm sure it's very becoming.—Now come, uncle, *sans badinage*—in your heart, don't you think so yourself?"

"I'll tell you what I think in my heart—I think far worse of a woman that plaisters her face with paint, than I do of a pirate—for if one captures you under false colours, he does it at the risk of his life;—he knows he'll be hanged if he's taken;—whilst the other, who entraps a poor fellow with dirty brick dust, not only escapes unpunished, but claps the noose on the neck of the innocent party.—And now that I've told what I *think*, shall I tell you what I *know*?"

"What, Sir?" asked Emily.

"Why, that hypocrisy isn't easier discovered than paint!"*

The detection of this attempt to heighten the

* A witty French author defines paint, as a "composition which has the property of making old women a little more ugly, and young women a little less handsome."

personal attractions, excited naturally enough, in a woman who piqued herself on the superior purity of her motives, her strongest displeasure; but that the opportunity should be embraced in order to connect this comparatively venial offence with the foul charge of hypocrisy, was too much for the patience of the party assailed. The fire flashed from her keen, expressive eyes, and the blood, which mounted to her cheeks and forehead, soon attested the truth of the insinuation, by the strong contrast exhibited between the natural and acquired complexion.

The sudden appearance of Senna, who was now observed approaching the cottage in haste, seemed, as it were, to act like one of his own *sedatives* in appeasing the angry feelings of the irritated matron.—The moment she perceived him, she was about to leave the room, when Crank, anticipating her object, good humouredly recalled her, and said—

“ See here, sister: upon second thoughts, as the doctor would only be dosing me to death,

and as you would undoubtedly die were he left behind, I think you may take him in tow after all.—But, mind this!—Thomas has charge o' the boat."

No sooner had Senna entered the room, than he expressed his *regret* for his patient's attack.—He approached him with professional concern in his face, and proposed to repeat his favourite recipe ; but Crank declined his advice, observing, that " he had no desire to be dosing while the doctor was dancing—all I want," said he, " is now to be left alone, and see you all fairly under weigh."

In obedience to this insinuation, the party had left the room to proceed to the beach, when a loud hail from the veteran 'brought Tiller to,' and back to his master.

" Thomas," said he, as his servant approached him, " don't forget what I told you in the morning—and, above all things, mind, that you, and *you* alone, have charge o' the boat ;—and here—before you go, just bend on a leading line

from my chair to the bell-rope—for, you see, in this position, I shall never be able to reach it; and I feel as if it would now require a good gun-tackle purchase to raise me on my pins.”

Thomas had not long left his master, with the comfortable assurance that he would strictly comply with his orders, ere the boat was observed shoving off from the shore. As Crank had foreseen it, the tide was now making strongly against them : and, indeed, as if decreed by the Fates, it became manifest to the party, that they were doomed for ‘a long pull—a strong pull’—though, perhaps not ‘a pull altogether.

The system of Pythagoras enjoined, as a probation to those starting for the philosophic goal, a silence of seven years. The hint was too good to be lost on the family of Mister *Bull*, who all seem Pythagoreans by birth, and whether in a coffee-house, or a stage-coach,

a probationary taciturnity is imposed, as both comfortable and pleasant. If the journey be long, he preserves, for the first four hours, a sullen silence—some have been known to have a predilection for a still longer period of taciturnity. On all hands, it would appear that a somewhat similar estimate should be made of the spirit of social independence, which ought to characterize every English *compagnon de voyage*: or, to be more blunt—that it is symptomatic of liberty and free-born Bullish demeanour, that companions on a journey should hold no intercourse; until they have entirely exhausted the science of conjecture, in developing, from their motionless features, the profession, wealth, or consequence, of each mute fellow traveller.

Though their motives, as well as the element on which they moved, were perfectly dissimilar, yet it would appear that Mrs. Crank's party had acted strictly in accordance with this principle, during the tedious half hour which

had already elapsed since embarking in the boat.

The reader of romance may imagine that the stillness of the scene, had thrown the rein on the neck of contemplation; or that the varied and 'thick coming fancies' of the mind, flowed in corresponding exuberance with the waters of the silent and rapid tide with which the boat's crew contended. But no, reflections are oftener suggested by the common-place incidents of life than by romance, however highly wrought. The unlucky allusion of her brother to her toilette and principles, before setting out, still furnished the matron with abundant, though far from palatable food for reflection. Emily was immersed in anticipations of display; and as for the doctor, from the lowering gravity of his deportment, it might have been suspected he was, or affected to be, absorbed, as a certain barrister of the Emerald Isle would say, in a syllogistic series of scientific solutions.

Although, to avoid contending with the

stream, Tiller had kept the boat close along the border of the shore, yet such was the strength of the tide, that the crew had experienced a tiresome tug on their oars, ere he could venture to shape a course in a lateral or 'lasking' direction ahead of the ship.

Emily, who had been eagerly watching the progress of the boat, since Tiller had altered her course, was now the first to break silence. "Oh, my!" said she, suddenly darting her bright beaming eyes on the surface of the flowing tide. "What's that black-looking thing on the water?"

"That there, Miss?" said Tiller, pointing to the object; "that's a nun-buoy, Miss."

"A *nun*-boy!" exclaimed Emily, somewhat startled, at an appellative which awakened a train of thought in her mind, that might perhaps have furnished a whole chapter to Hobbes, or Locke himself, as to the strangeness of this association of ideas.

"You see, Ma'am," said Thomas, touching

the matron on the shoulder, as soon as he had perceived she had turned her head from the object which had so suddenly attracted her daughter's attention. "You see, Ma'am, *he* doesn't want tapping, he watches like a dog."

"*We* know — *we* know," testily interrupted Mrs. Crank—"we don't want any further information on the subject.—But, indeed," added she, interpreting Tiller's phraseology into a less equivocal sense, as she mistook the word 'watches' for *washes*.—"you're just like your master, always more communicative on *these* sort of subjects, than anxious to listen to those which might tend to enlighten your besotted mind, and lead you from that dangerous darkness, under which you so unfortunately labour."

"Hurrah in the bow—Well, Ma'am, you know a man can't help his misfortunes.—Give way, Bob—But I dare say *light*, or dark," muttered Thomas, not a little ruffled at an allusion he considered personally directed at his ocular defect—"light or dark, I can see as much with

my single top-light, as you can with your two barnacles* to boot—strike-out together, boys.”

With difficulty Emily could suppress her laughter at Tiller’s ludicrous perversion of her mother’s text, when the latter exclaimed—

“ Ah, like master like man !”

“ Why, yes, Ma’am—I likes to do every thing like the captain, and partickler when he tells me to do so himself.—What were his first orders this morning? ‘ Mind, Thomas,’ says he,—God help the poor man in the midst of all his pain !—aye, when his toes were tortering him worse nor the nip of a Port Royal land crab—‘ Mind, Tom,’ says he,—Thomas I mean—‘ Mind,’ says he, ‘ and pint out every thing to the ladies afloat, just in the same sort o’ way as I would myself.’ ”

“ Well, I’m sure, after all, mamma, it was very considerate of uncle, indeed.”

“ To be sure it was, Miss,—and where’s t’other ‘sides himself would have thought o’ the same ?”

* Spectacles.

“ ‘Pon my word,” said the matron, “ you’re very loquacious, Mister Thomas !”

“ Ma’am ?” —returned Tiller, unconscious of her meaning.

“ I say you are a ‘great deal too talkative for your station.”

“ Station, Ma’am ?” growled the one-eyed tar, stung afresh by a rebuke which he was convinced was unmerited.—“ I believe a man’s never *more* in his station nor when he obeys orders.—Nor should I be doing my duty, if I didn’t explain, and moreover, in a plain sailing way, every question I’m axed.”

“ Just so,” said Senna, who had been hitherto silent ; “ but it seems the ladies can dispense with your plain sailing ways.”

“ *I’ve* charge o’ the boat, Sir,” said Tiller, thinking to silence the doctor.

“ Well, we know all *that* already,” snappishly observed Mrs. Crank.

“ Well, then, Ma’am, when Miss Emily axes me, what’s that black-looking thing on the

water, would it be right in me to say, it was the snout of a whale, when I knew to the contrairry—and when I knows there's no one better, when the captain's not by, nor myself, to pint out the nature o' the thing in its nat'ral state."

"I really fear the *fellow* has been drinking," whispered Mrs. Crank to the doctor, "but, indeed I'll not suffer it;" then, turning to Tiller, she exclaimed, in an authoritative tone, "I desire you desist, Sir—I don't at all understand your indulging in that sort of language!"

"Why, what sort o' language would you have, Ma'am?—I wish the captain was here—but it seems, just the same way with some ladies as *some* lubbers," said Thomas, glancing a significant look at the doctor,—“they never *will* larn what they ought—then, if a body takes the trouble to tell 'em the difference 'twixt a brace and a bowlin, or a sheep-shank from a shank-painter, or the likes of that 'ere,—all the thanks you get in return is, ‘what sort o' language is that?’”

“ Well, I must say,” said Emily, laughing, “ Thomas has always evinced a ready disposition to set us right on professional subjects.”

“ I hope, Miss, you don’t call *these* professional subjects?” said her mother, assuming a moralizing air.

“ Look here, Miss, you are a young lady o’ sense—it’s no use talking to people as are determined to never larn nothing.—That there buoy, you see, Miss,” said Tiller, again pointing to the object on the water—“ sarves as a sort o’ *watch*, on the likes of such craft as *she*, as soon as regularly *brought up*.”

Though Tiller, in his own mind, had alluded to the *Spitfire*, in the application of the pronoun personal, yet it was not so apparent to the ladies to whom it was applied.

“ Watch *what* ?” asked Emily.

“ Hold your tongue, child,” testily exclaimed Mrs. Crank.

“ Why, you see, Miss,” resumed he, regardless of the matron’s monition—“ he pre-

vents the craft getting foul o' one another—having a bad birth, and the likes o' such awkward and lubberly tricks.”

“I declare the man's a perfect monster.—I desire, Sir,” said the matron, addressing Tiller in an angry and agitated tone, “that you instantly desist, and turn back for the beach.—Do you suppose that *I* can tolerate such talk—such wickedness on the water?—And as for you, Miss,—you ought to be ashamed of yourself.—But, indeed, you're the captain's adopted.”

“Lord, ma'!—what's the matter?” exclaimed Emily.—“Surely *I've* done nothing to offend you; and, I declare, I think Thomas is one of the last men in the world that would say an uncivil thing to any one.”

“That's *you*, Miss,” said Tiller.—“Hurrah, boys, we *gain* on her now.—A chip of the old block,” muttered Thomas, aside.

“I fear,” said Senna, “as they say in the field, that we've been all on the wrong scent.”

With this observation the dialogue closed.—

Whether it was that Mrs. Crank considered it indecorous, or beneath her dignity to dispute longer with a menial (for she was at all times rather distant with Tiller), or that the name of the ship suggested to Thomas the impolicy of keeping up a war of words with a woman on the water, we cannot stop to determine, but, certes, a cessation of tongues for some minutes ensued.

The boat now reached within hail of the ship.—Perceiving that Tiller was not steering for the side on which, for the occasion, an accommodation ladder had been expressly fitted, the sentinel on the forecastle directed the coxswain to pull round on the opposite side.—As the tide was running with the greatest rapidity, and the boat's crew were not a little oppressed from the heat of the weather; Tiller, unwilling to give up any vantage ground, by going under the stern of the ship, rashly attempted to cross her ahead. The ship's head was now on the left, and, unfortunately, the blind side of Tiller, and which rendered him unconscious how fast he was

nearing her bows as he attempted to cross her hawse. He was in the critical moment of rounding the head of the vessel, when the sternmost rower on the larboard side "caught," as it is technically termed, "a crab," or, in other words, was unable to extricate his oar from the water in time with the rest of the crew. This accident had, not only the effect of counteracting the momentum of the boat, but of throwing the other rowers (who, as we before said, were fishermen, and not men-of-war's-men) into such a state of confusion in the boat, that, coming broadside on with the tide, and her keel being caught by the cable, she was instantly upset, and swept clean under the bows. An alarm was instantly given by the sentinel on the forecastle.

With the exception of the alarm of fire, there is no cry, perhaps, which excites a more general sympathy and activity, than that of "a man overboard."* The over-eager desire to render

* Naval anomaly—man or woman all the same.—The urgency of the danger admits no designation of sex.

assistance, in such instances, frequently defeats itself, and endangers the life which it was intended to preserve.—The fore-castle was instantly crowded with swarms of men, who were destined to be mere spectators of a catastrophe they could not alleviate.—The ball room preparations occupied so much of the ship, that they were all huddled together *en masse*; and so much attention had been paid to the neatness of her appearance, that scarcely a rope was left upon deck to heave overboard.—The alarm of all was the greater, from discovering, for the first time, that not a single boat* had been left with the ship—having been all despatched for the expected visitors.

Burton was among the first to jump in the fore-chains.—Paralysed with horror, he beheld a sight which never fails to appeal with electric effect to the sympathy and courage of a young

* This practice, we are sorry to say, has been too often encouraged in vessels of war.—In Benbow's time it was considered a punishable offence.

man—a lovely female perishing.—But what was his horror, when he perceived that female was—his own Emily; who, supported for a moment by the buoyancy of her clothes, was fast whelming in the waves, and borne along in the tide with fearful rapidity.

With that presence of mind peculiar to him he rushed out of the chains—seized a grating—flung off his coat and shoes, and, full dressed as he was, precipitated both grating and himself over the side; and was barely in time to catch at her long dishevelled locks, which alone were now visible on the surface of the water, and save her from sinking, to rise no more.

Not Venus herself, when she enveloped the beauteous Trojan boy in a cloud, and snatched him from the fury of the Greek:—not Eneas, as he bore aloft in his vigorous arms, from the flaming ruins of Troy, the aged form of his helpless parent, could have felt half the agonized ecstasy which bewildered Burton's senses as he

pressed the dying girl to his heart, and buffeted his way to the grating, with the only arm now disengaged for the safety of both, amid the enthusiastic and encouraging shouts of the admiring crew.—Courage is ever contagious:—already a young midshipman had plunged overboard, bearing in his teeth a long tow-line to their assistance.—In this expectation he was doomed to be deceived, as the line, though veered out rapidly by a seaman in the chains, in sinking formed a bight, or semicircular bend, which was borne by the tide in an oblique direction to his course, neutralizing all his efforts to attain his object.

All the efforts of love and gallantry, however, must have proved ineffectual, had not one of the boats despatched ashore now appeared within hail.—The loud order of the captain, delivered through a speaking trumpet; and the hoarse roar of the boatswain, who needed none, soon announced to the gay votaries of pleasure in the cutter, the nature of the disaster. As the men

now strained every nerve, and bent their broad shoulders to the oars, with redoubled effort, to reach the drowning persons, a feeling of alarm became general amongst the ladies and gentlemen in the boat ; not unmixed with terror, lest their humane interference might involve themselves in the fate of the sufferers, by their own upsetting.—Mingled ejaculations of fear and anxiety burst from every side.—“ How dreadful ! ” — “ Nothing can save them ! ” — “ What a noble fellow ! ”

“ Give way there, my hearties,” cried the coxswain, pointing to the grating.

“ Mind, Mister Sailor,” said a gentle dandy, “ how you try to save them—think, for mercy’s sake, of our own safety : ” whilst a female, clasping her hands, exclaimed—“ Gracious God ! we shall all be drowned ! ” — But the most singular feeling betrayed ; if feeling it can be called, which consists in its total absence ; was that of some of the young ladies, who solely solicitous to preserve their handsome dancing dresses,

began to tuck up their feet to the bottom on the seats on which they sat, faintly screaming—
“ Bless us, how very disagreeable !” “ We shall all be *wet* !” “ How very unfortunate !” “ *I* hope it won’t interfere with the ball !”

These and many similar amiable insinuations of sympathy, or rather unconcern, for the fate of the young persons now fast hurrying to an early grave, produced no other effect on the tars, than to make them turn the quid in their mouths, accompanied by some very wry faces, and a shrug of the shoulder, which spoke, as intelligibly as silence ever spoke, a perfect contempt for fashionable feelings.

The boat soon neared the grating, on which poor Emily was sustained, though lifeless, by her fond, but despairing admirer. Into this they were quickly hoisted in the arms of the sailors. The young midshipman was soon after picked up, who, out of consideration for the comfort of the young ladies, resolutely insisted on not getting into the boat ; observing, “ that as

he had already been well drenched, he would prefer holding on astern, and being towed on board the brig." In a few minutes, the whole party were brought alongside the accommodation-ladder, and put on board. Faint and breathless, as he was, Burton resigned his lovely burthen to no other arms ; but bore her singly, her head drooping over his shoulder, with zealous and anxious attention, and in a state of excitement, impossible to be conceived, to the captain's cabin ; where the surgeon of the ship united with him in every possible endeavour for her restoration.

The humanity of the reader may have been shocked by the apparent neglect of Emily's fellow-sufferers.—They are not, like us, aware that she was the only person of the party in imminent danger.—By singular good fortune, the portly persons of Mrs. Crank and the doctor, had perched a cross hawse, clinging by the cable ; and the boat's-crew, with the innocent author of the disaster, like expert tacticians,

swam for the gas-swamp boom, from whence they were speedily picked up.

It would be an injustice to the gallantry of the boatswain, not to mention, that he was the first to descend the bows, with a running-bow-line-knot in his hand, in order to secure the persons of the affrighted (and, had we any antipathy to bald heads, we might have added frightful) pair from their perilous plight:—for it would appear, that on being thrown out of the boat, both were pitched, head foremost, on the cable, the one losing his “scalp,” and the other her neat, nut-brown coloured “toque.”—Indeed, it was afterwards asserted by many of the *Spitfire’s* crew, that amid the resounding screams, and imploring ejaculations for personal aid, and, particularly, pending the most alarming period of Emily’s danger, that it was a difficult matter to pronounce, which cry prevailed most, that of “save my child,” or “save my wig.”

But it must not be entirely left to the imagination of the reader to picture to himself, the

person of the boatswain; more particularly as his race, (and we say it with patriotic regret,) if not already extinct, is, like other things of genuine British growth we could name, fast fading away. Not that the production was, in this instance, so remarkable for its beauty, as for that intrinsic value, which is so often concealed beneath the most rugged appearance.—For it must be confessed, Brace was no *beau*.

Fancy a long, raw-boned, powerful, bow-legged, deep copper-coloured tar, with an eye as piercing as his pipe.—A mouth like a had-dock, and the quid-side of his cheek as large as a moderate sized wen.—Fancy, like the *Hair-borough* breed of the present day, a thick fringe of bushy, black hair running under his throat, from ear to ear.—A tail as long as his arm, stuck, on this occasion, between his teeth like a whip.—Fancy such a being, attired in his Sunday (solitary) white frilled-shirt, tucked up above his brawny elbows, with a rope in hand,

sliding upon the cable down to the aid of the horror-struck matron.

“There you are, Ma’am,” said he,—handing her the rope, “just clap the bight o’ the bowlin-knot under your counter.—No fear, Ma’am—we’ll haul you up like a lady.—I say, bear a hand and heave us down another rope,” added he, hailing the forcastle—“d—n my eyes, if the gemman won’t slip the cable, and his *wind* in the bargain.”

This intimation was not likely to allay the fears of the apothecary, who, if possible, was more frightened than any of the party.

“Mind,” said Brace, addressing six or seven broad-shouldered tars, who had hold of the rope which was to haul the portly person of Mrs. Crank upon deck.—“Mind how you haul up the lady—recollect she’s lost her *bob*—handsomely—handsomely.—No fear, Ma’am.—Suppose you do heave your *pins* in sight, there’s no one can see ’em but me, and *I’m* none o’ your nice uns.”

In this sort of strain, the boatswain pursued his merciless raillery, until the petrified pair were raised, wringing wet, on the forecastle, in the most miserable plight that can be conceived.

Hasty, who had already prepared a dry suit of clothes for the unfortunate Senna, was ready to conduct him to his cabin.—Nor was the captain, who had been below when the accident occurred, deficient in rendering that prompt relief, which the unfortunate situation of the lady patroness required.—His coxswain's wife had already provided warm and comfortable attire for the suffering fair ones.

The pitiable plight of the dripping and drooping pair, as they were conducted aft, under convoy of the first lieutenant and captain, presented a striking contrast with the gaiety of the festive preparations, and the decorated scene around—indeed, their appearance was truly calculated to have excited, in more tender hearted souls than

sailors, a powerful sympathy; if not a passing reflection on the uncertainty of human fate. But no—though the arts and sciences flourished afloat,—though solutions could be solved—stockings wove,—or watches manufactured—though linguists, poets, painters, and sometimes a sea lawyer, were to be heard holding forth in the ‘King’s Bench’ of the *Spitfire*, still, singular as it may appear,—neither saint nor sentimentalist was to be found in her whole crew.

Indeed, the ludicrous figures which the lady patroness and her medical companion presented, in consequence of the loss of their wigs, as they walked all dripping aft, seemed to excite less the commiseration, than the laughter of the crew. The boatswain, who, like many wags in the world, would rather lose his friend than his joke, (particularly were the latter the better of the two,) was ready to split his sides with laughter, loudly exclaiming, as he followed them with his eyes—

“ There they go,—like a couple o’ craft in a hurricane, scudding* under *bare poles*.”

* A ship either scuds with a sail extended on her fore or main masts—or, if the storm be excessive, without any sail, which, in nautical language, is termed “ Scudding under bare-poles.”

CHAPTER XVI.

ALL IN THE WRONG.

“ Here was wrong on both sides ; and what could follow but confusion ? ”

LESLIE.

LONG ere the period to which our narrative has arrived, Crank, who had pursued the party with his telescope, alternately occupied in anticipations of disaster, in consequence of his enforced absence, and in murmuring denunciations against the ill-starred head of his poor coxswain for his lubberly mode of approaching the ship's hawse in a tidesway, had witnessed all the horrors of the scene. With all his bluff,

overbearing habits, and uncouthness of phrase, nature had not stinted him in feeling: and no mother could have witnessed the imminent danger of her nursling with more lively alarm, or tender solicitude than he had that catastrophe, which, had it been realized in all its horrors, would doubtless have shortened the veteran's days.—Fortunately, as the boat had gone ahead of the vessel, his view was somewhat obstructed, and consequently he was not aware of the extent of the danger to which his friends were exposed—he had seen enough, however, to convince him the boat was upset, and after the first shock had subsided, and his feelings had vented themselves in an imprecation of an enormity, suitable at once to the occasion, and the dignity of the veteran, he immediately turned his thoughts to alleviate their misfortunes by the only means in his power—he vociferated loudly for Emily's maid—he tore at the line which led from the chain to the bell rope, and

which, little calculated for so rude an assault, snapped short in his hand—the most grotesque series of strugglings ensued to raise himself from his chair, and his rage had twice placed him on his feet, in an unavailing effort to reach the bell, when the alarmed cook hurried unceremoniously to his aid, and thinking he was seized with some violent paroxysm of gout, burst open the door, and stood at his side.

“Why the devil don’t you scud for dry duds?” cried the excited veteran, addressing Tiller’s spare-rib, as if the poor woman were per force cognizant of every circumstance in which he was at that moment interested. The only reply, if such it might be called, this mandate received from the cook consisted in a vacant stare, soon succeeded by a blush, which indicated a surmise that something awkward had happened to himself.

“What do you stand there for, like a fool? What are you staring at?” cried the old gentle-

man in an increased passion—"Why don't you scud for the traps?—scud,—I tell you."

The poor woman, in a fright, flew to her master's wardrobe, the contents of which were most unceremoniously flung out of the drawers and slides, till she had secured, as she thought, the unexplained, perhaps, inexpressible, object of her search.

"Here they be, Zur—don't'ee vlurrie theesel—don't'ee vlurrie theesel—it might be worze," said the old woman, as she presented to her master a pair of short kerseymere unmentionables.

"What the devil are these for?" said Crank, flinging them back in her face—"d—n it, you women are always thinking of the breeches—don't you know, they are capsized in the yawl?"

"The Lord deliver us! you don't'ee zaey zo, master. What, and Toomas too?—Well, well, well!" cried the old woman, wringing her hands—"I always thought i'fackins what them there pleasure parties on the water would coom too. Oh,

dear, dear! what's to be done!—what's to be done!
—*my* poor Miss Emily! Oh, Tom, Tom, Tom!!!”

“The devil Tom you, you blubbering old blockhead!—why don't you fly, as I told you at first, and get the dry duds for the women?” said Crank, forgetting, that in his hurry and alarm at the first shock, he had not even mentioned who they were. The old woman, with the assistance of Emily's maid, soon collected a wardrobe for the ladies, whom Crank directed to run down to the beach, and *press* the first fisherman's boat to take her instantly off to the brig.

Mrs. Tiller was no sooner despatched than Crank bethought himself of an expedient to quiet his anxious suspense—and now he felt the value of Burton's present.

“Give me that blue-covered book,” cried he, pointing to the piano, as he addressed the lady's-maid, and the only servant now left in the house; “I shall telegraph the brig: in the mean time you be ready to bend on the numbers, and hoist them as fast as I tell you.”

Though quite *aut fuit* at telegraphing on her fingers, Martha was nothing of an adept in conveying a message through the medium of buntin; nor was the veteran now, from his continued excitement, altogether competent to condense a telegraphic despatch. He thumbed, and turned over and over the leaves of the signal book; in vain he sought the vocabulary for the truest selection of words to embody the inquiry he wished to convey—‘*Let me know the worst.*’ But no—there was no such word as ‘worst’ to be found in the ‘telegraphic’ part of the book. In fact, it was never imagined possible, by the proud constructors of our naval code of signals, that on board a British man-of-war matters could ever come to the *worst*.

At length, after puzzling his head for half an hour nearly, as to the best mode of shaping the purport of his signal, he decided upon applying one of the ‘general signals’ to his purpose.

“I have it,” said he—“here it is—‘*Report*”

Damages’—that ‘ill do it.—Bend on,” continued he, addressing the maid—“bend on ‘twenty-four’—that’s Blue Peter—let’s see, though—yes, Blue Peter, over quartered red and white.”

“Bless you, Sir!” said Martha, “I know about as much of blue Peter, as I do of salt-petre.”

“Well, then, you simpleton, run into the garden, and fetch me the flags you’ll find in the pigeon holes, marked *two* and *four* ;”—for Crank, since Burton’s present, had constructed there a signal-chest, which contained a complete set of numeral flags.

“Now,” said he, as the maid brought him the flags—“there they are for you, both bent together; you’ve nothing to do but to hoist them up.”

After fumbling a considerable time at the flag-staff, Martha, in mistake, inverted the numbers, and hoisted *forty-two*, instead of twenty-four, which she kept flying, and returned to the invalid to report her proceedings.

“ By the aid of all sorts of ante-spasmodics and other medicinal restoratives, the fair sufferers afloat were, by this time, not only considerably recovered, but, by the extraordinary dispatch of Mrs. Tiller, again clad in odds and ends of their own apparel.

The cabin became crowded with both ladies and gentlemen.—Emily was reclining on the sofa, and her mother seated beside her, when their many gratulations and soothing attentions were abruptly disturbed by the hurried entrance of the midshipman of the watch, who rather too loudly exclaimed, as he opened the door—

“ Forty-two, Sir, is up at the flag-staff on shore, and it is still kept flying, though we’ve hoisted the ‘ answering pennant.’ ”

“ Forty-two ? ” said Staunch.

“ Oh, Sir,” said Burton, “ I dare say Captain Crank, availing himself of an old signal book I gave him the other day, is anxious to know the result of the accident.—I’ll run and see what he means.”

Burton instantly returned with a duplicate of the veteran's book in his hand.

"It's impossible the number can be *forty-two*," said the lieutenant, whose manner indicated, as well as his gesture, the most unfeigned surprise at the singularity of the signal now flying on shore.

"Why?" asked Staunch.

"Oh, it's impossible, Sir!"

"But why, man?—your reason?"

"Why, Sir?—Because the signification of forty-two is—but read it yourself, Sir," said Burton, stopping short and handing the book to the captain.

"Forty-two.—Let's see," said Staunch, turning to the explanatory leaf, and reading the signification of number forty-two aloud—" *Is the enemy in a sinking state?*"

"*Enemy sinking!*" exclaimed Mrs. Crank, who caught enough of the sentence to irritate her by the unlucky association of ideas excited in a mind, where words too frequently tyrannized.

nized over thoughts.—“ Oh, the heathenish wretch,” she continued, rage almost choking her utterance, “ to make so unfeeling a jest when—our lives were in such imminent danger!—But—I see it too plainly.—The *enemy*, indeed!—No: thanks to the almighty and merciful Disposer of all events, the enemy, for it’s *me* he means, has been most providentially spared.”

Here she covered her face with both hands, and sobbed convulsively, and was only saved from an hysteric fit by the united attentions of the ship’s surgeon, and her own body physician.

Of the ball it is unnecessary to say more than implied in Tom Tiller’s observations—that “ the capsized had clapped a stopper over all.”

CHAPTER XVII.

RECRIMINATIONS.

“All’s not offence that indiscretion finds.”

King Lear.

UNDER the ‘circumstances’ of excitement naturally attendant on the calamitous issue of these intended festivities, it is to be presumed that Burton relinquished not the envied prerogative of reconducting to the anxious veteran Emily and her aunt.—From the time of their descent into the boat, the old gentleman’s eyes were perpetually on the strain to discover what had been the result of the accident.—As far as

‘counting heads’ went, he could distinctly make out that none of his little crew were missing—a circumstance which led him, in a tone of congratulation, to exclaim—“ Well, it’s something to find that none of them have lost the number of their mess !”

As the boat neared the shore, he observed, with mingled feelings of surprise and alarm, his niece supported by pillows, and on Burton’s arm ; who was occasionally occupied in adjusting a heap of ship’s flags and cloaks round her feet and person.—The causes of these emotions were scarcely well defined to himself ; for whilst he attributed them to anxiety about his favourite, he occasionally felt a compunctious visiting as to the familiarity of manner, and alarming posture of those of the party in whom he felt most interested.—He had been sufficiently chagrined with the implied neglect, or rather discourtesy, as it struck him, in the commander of the brig not having answered his signal ; but what most contributed to his annoyance, was his total in-

ability to move from his chair, or to attempt to ascertain, in person, the real state of affairs. He was obliged, therefore, to act by deputy, and, notwithstanding his old-bachelor-like reluctance to employ a female on any mission of importance, Emily's maid was dispatched to reconnoitre and collect intelligence.

But here again he was ordained to experience fresh mortification: for the warm-hearted girl's feelings were soon too much interested in the scene to permit her to comply with the tenor of his instructions; all recollection of which was lost the moment she witnessed the piteous plight of her young mistress, whom she affectionately caught in her arms, bedewing her plenteously with her tears, and blubbering like an infant.—Nor was it until reassured by the kind and grateful tone of Emily's soft voice, that her stormy grief subsided.

A tempest of feelings of another description now raged in the bosom of the old gentleman, at finding himself deserted during the period occupied

in their tedious progress up the winding steep. Every effort he now made in his passion to get upon his legs, as they were unavailing, tended but the more to inflame his resentment, which, glancing with the rapidity of an arrow from the disaster to his own crippled state, and again from his lameness to the negligent messenger, unluckily happened to light, at last, upon his poor factotum, 'Tom, whom he repeatedly denounced as 'a lubberly old rascal.'—"D——n the fellow," said he, "didn't I tell him to be cautious what he was about in a tidesway?—See what it is not to have been there myself.—But I might have known it all, if I hadn't been as stupid as he.—All the morning I had a sort of *comeoverishness* about me that something would happen!—This d——d gout, too, coming on just at the time, might have warned me.—A man ought not to be above these presentiments—there's something always in 'em—and yet that unbelieving sister of mine, as usual, will face me out it's all vulgar prejudice.—She might as well deny there's such

a thing as Providence, and, strange to say, she's always jabbering about it.—I hate a soger's phrase, but now I'm sure there's some truth in their saying, 'every bullet has it's billet.' ”

The noise of many persons in the hall arrested his attention, and stopped the volubility of his vehement invective.—And, lucklessly, the first object on which his angry eye flashed, was the person whom he had predetermined within himself was the cause of the whole calamity.

“Scud, scoundrel!” cried he, the moment poor Tiller thrust his devoted head into the room—“away with you, if you don't want your brains knocked out,” menacing him with his brandished crutch—“though brains you can have none!—you tripe-headed, lubberly, squinting old savage!”

Tiller was destined to be quickly avenged, and the veteran enjoyed not long the privilege of playing the part of assailant.

“Savage! would that he were the only one,” exclaimed a tall, haughty, singular, sybil-like

figure.—Her fine person was loosely enveloped in the most incongruous and unbecoming attire.—To supply the lack of stays, she had wound round her waist a long crimson scarf, whose embroidered ends depended *à la Turc*.—Her head was bound up in a black handkerchief, now destitute of its wreathing curls; as her expressive face was of those enforced smiles, with which she was wont to smoothe the natural character of features; which, though fine and regular, seemed only calculated to display to effect the highest possible excitation of feeling.—And now, pushing Tiller scornfully aside, she strode haughtily across the room, and when right in his front, contemptuously addressed her brother-in-law—

“Your barbarity, Sir, might have confined itself to your own house, and not unfeelingly have made my misfortune a subject of mirth before a whole ship’s crew !”

If the poor man’s mind, already staggered through the violence of the feelings which beset him; the surprise and the shock which his

awakened sensibility now experienced from this rude assault, nearly bereft him of the use of his reason.

“ Barbarity !—My own house !—Mirth !—Ship’s crew !—Why, Madam, what the devil are you at ?—are you mad ?—But what signifies whether you are or not !—Where’s my girl ?—get out of the way—let me see her.—Poor child !—Come hither, come.—How dreadfully ill she looks !” and, whilst the old man stretched forth his eager arms to catch her to him, as she came feebly forward, supported between her maid and Burton; the sullen tears chased each other down his venerable face.

The grateful Emily fell on his neck without speaking: as soon, however, as she had recovered herself, and was placed on a sofa which had been wheeled round towards her uncle’s chair, she pointed to Burton, who stood beside her, and said—

“ To your friend I owe every thing.—He it was who risked his own life to preserve mine !”

“ Brave heart !—did he ?—It’s like a sailor.—
Let me grapple him—your hand, my boy—I’ll
never forget it—long as I live !—fine fellow !—
I wish I was only First Lord of the Admiralty
—I’d, I’d——” the rest of the sentence was
unfinished, and he continued, gazing on Emily’s
pale features—“ You may well call him friend !”
said he, patting his niece on the shoulder, “ and
whilst I live, I shall never cease to be his.”

To these effusions of gratitude Burton was
saved the trouble of framing a suitable reply,
by the rising indignation of the tragic heroine,
which burst forth in an exclamation—

“ *Friend !*—Fine professions, truly ! whilst
you denounce your family as *enemies !*—What
could you mean by it, barbarous man ! in *my*
condition ?”

Here Crank, who was no longer under the
influence of fear or excited sensibility, but at
liberty to examine the singular attire of his
sister, could not refrain from laughing, as he
exclaimed—

“Enemy !—It must be all imagination—though, to be sure, you look as if in chase of an enemy, for you’ve got, I see, all clear for *action*—every thing battle fashion,” continued he, winking at the lieutenant,—“waist bound taught—black handkerchief round the head—not a *love-lock* to be seen.—Had her there, eh?”

“Unfeeling scoffer !—It’s not the only insult I’ve been doomed to bear from you to-day.—Your sneering signal, too, might have been spared ; and, when persons’ lives were in danger, it ill became you,” said she, pointing, as though in allusion to his gouty chair—“ ‘to sit in the seat of the scorner.’ ”

“More of your tracts !—Egad, they seem to have turned her head !”

Here Senna, who was slow to embroil himself in family disputes, thinking there was a safe opportunity for mediating, attempted an explanation, and in a few words related the circumstances which had occurred in the *Spitfire’s* cabin, and the announcement then and there

made of the strange signal seen flying at the cottage.—In this he was corroborated by Burton, who observed that the signal number, forty-two, was still flying in the garden, which the captain would find, on referring to his book, signified—

“Is the enemy in a sinking state?”

The whole truth at once flashed upon the veteran's mind, who, with cordial good humour, confessed the mistake had certainly given good ground for offence, which he heartily disclaimed, and thus apologized—

“Ah, if you had known my feelings then, sister, you would never suspect that I could have allowed myself to jest at such a moment.”

Mutual explanations took place between the three gentlemen, as to the causes of the accident: unluckily for Tiller's reputation, the explanation assumed all the aspect of a court-martial upon his conduct—differing only in this respect, that the poor fellow was doomed to be condemned without ever being heard in his own defence.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AVOWAL.

The hand which still held Juan's, by degrees
Gently, but palpably, confirm'd its grasp,
As if it said, " detain me, if you please ;"
Yet there's no doubt she only meant to clasp
His fingers with a pure platonic squeeze :
She should have shrunk as from a toad, or asp,
Had she imagined such a thing could rouse
A feeling dangerous.

BYRON.

THE weather had, for the last twenty-four hours, indicated a probable change in the wind, which by blowing steadily from the south-west, had pent up his imprisoned spirit several days. It occasionally varied two or three points for a moment early in the morning and evening ; though it

still blew pretty steadily during the day into the harbour. In one of these flaws, a slight shower fell, which was taken by the captain as a pretty strong presumption that the weather would break up; and he gave orders, in the evening, that all should hold themselves in readiness for immediate departure, for that in the event of the wind chopping round to the northward and eastward, he should avail himself of the morning's tide, and weigh anchor by dawn of day. His motive for getting to sea at so early an hour was derived from previous observation (when a junior), of the inconveniences often sustained by vessels bound down channel, waiting in port, as is usual, for the arrival of the post, or for the completion of some object which might as well have been accomplished on the previous evening by a little forethought. In some instances, the vessel had lost the tide altogether, and in most, owing to this imprudent delay, she had failed to secure before dark such an offing, or distance from land, as was necessary for her safety,

should the weather alter, and the ship have to contend with an adverse wind on a lee shore.— The crew, generally speaking, as well as his officers, were gratified by the intelligence ; but there was one heart which felt a more than ordinary acceleration of its pulsation, when it was announced by the captain on the quarter-deck, that the vessel would most probably weigh by daylight next morning. The words were scarcely out of his mouth before the person most affected by this intelligence solicited, and obtained permission to go on shore. And as he had attired himself for dinner, and a party was in the act of manning a boat to leave the ship for fresh vegetables and other purposes, a very few minutes landed him on the beach, and seated him beside the sofa at Camperdown Cottage, on which reposed the languid form of Emily. The character of her beauty was enhanced by the absence of the high flush of health, which rarely adds to the expressive grace of female loveliness ; and now borrowed

from indisposition a soft languor, and touching interest, which, whilst it admonished him of her danger, kindled afresh within his bosom that flame which only burned the more wildly from fear of losing her; and which he felt convinced, even long protracted absence could not check, much less extinguish. The partial exclusion of the light, deepened the shades in her pale countenance, and increased the interesting expression of each fine feature.—Even the negligent *dégagée* of her attire, every fold of which, disdaining the harsh square outline of art, fell conformably with nature's soft sinuosities, accidentally displayed to the utmost advantage all the bewitching charms of her recumbent figure. Her voice, always melodious, was now depressed to a whispered sweetness; and there was, in her manner, an air of grateful tenderness, arising possibly from the recollection of his intrepidity in snatching her from death; which as he had never before witnessed, increased his tumultuous

agitation ; and encouraged his fondest anticipations. His pulse beat high, and the blood, mounting, suffused his manly brow, and dimmed his vision. He felt his utterance had fled at that very moment, when he would fain have described, in language, equally glowing as his feelings, the ardour of his passion.—They were alone ; and though but for a moment he felt the opportunity was too precious to let slip. In vain he essayed to speak ; yet though mute, nature bereft him not of arguments often irresistible with the softer sex. He had sunk on his knee by her couch, and whilst his eager eyes perused with intense delight the lineaments of her divine face, and betrayed, through the portals of the soul, the wild excitement of his agitated feelings, he grasped her delicate and unresisting hand (for fear had rendered her powerless), which he pressed alternately to his heart, and to his burning lips. The spell, which had hitherto bound him in silence, was broken by the violence of his emotions.

“ Ah, Emily ! — dearest and loveliest of women ! what a glimpse of happiness has the last few days opened to my view ! — The prospect is abruptly closing, and it appears that I have discovered a treasure merely to lose it. — Might I, in taking this hurried leave of you, be permitted to hope, that whilst borne by duty and ambition far from my heart’s home, I might still live in your recollection, how great would be my consolation ! To-morrow’s dawn separates us for a period ; which even in prospect appears to me an age. Nothing can render the interim supportable, except the anticipation that on my return I *shall* find you, though restored in health, still unchanged in mind. Such an absence it would be impossible to endure, unless encouraged to hope, that, in returning, this intimacy may be renewed, which I feel but too sensibly, can alone give zest or value to life.”

At this critical minute, that eloquence, which now found its way like a torrent, was suddenly checked by the occurrence of one of those

strange *contretemps*, which so often cross persons similarly circumstanced with the lieutenant. —For, without the slightest note of preparation, or warning,—in bolted the stiff, quaint, figure of old Tiller, before the delicate and feeble girl had time to disengage her hand from his grasp; or he himself could spring from his embarrassing situation.

“I axes your pardon, Miss Emily,” said the old fellow, in a hurried manner, which made it doubtful, whether it were the result of embarrassment in consequence of his intrusion, or the effect of surprise at the discovery thus singularly made, by one, perhaps, less qualified to fathom a secret, or develop a mystery, than any being in the house, (his master always excepted, who openly made it his boast, that he “knew nothing about either women or their ways);—“I axes your pardon, Miss,” said Tiller, “but I only comed the rounds as usual, to pick up the *shakings*,” —and so saying, he proceeded very deliberately, as was the custom in the navy at

his day, to affect to collect whatever lay on the carpet ; whether thread ends, or fragments of paper, and deposit them in the ‘oakum bag,’ (as he termed it) set apart for their reception : which *important* duty being performed, he retired with the same provoking composure, and again left them to themselves.

Burton had ere this regained his seat, and so much presence of mind as to induce him to rise and close the door ; which Tiller had designedly, (it would seem,) omitted to shut. With equal earnestness, but with greater caution of manner, he recommenced his suit.—He rapidly stated his expectations, and with marked modesty alluded to his services, with the prospects he had of professional advancement ; which he trusted would remove any objection her mother and uncle might feel to their union.—Here Emily seemed to smile faintly ; and he resumed by intimating that he had reason to imagine himself favoured by a friendly preference on the part of her uncle, who, he presumed, could entertain no objec-

tions, except as to the disparity of their fortunes. Here he was about to enter into the possible reasons which might influence her mother ; when Emily arrested the progress of the argument by assuring him, “that on her mother’s acquiescence, he would be wise not to reckon;” although she admitted, with a blush of grateful acknowledgment, “that he might have expected he had established some claims on Mrs. Crank’s regard; for had he not, under Providence, been the means of preserving a life, to her certainly dear, she must have ceased to be a mother, and been for ever precluded from the hope of being called on to sanction the disposal of a daughter’s hand.—She confessed that, to herself, his acquaintance had been both agreeable and profitable;” and concluded, just in time to prevent the re-opening of the door cutting short the avowal, by “assuring him that she should be *always happy* to hear of his welfare.”

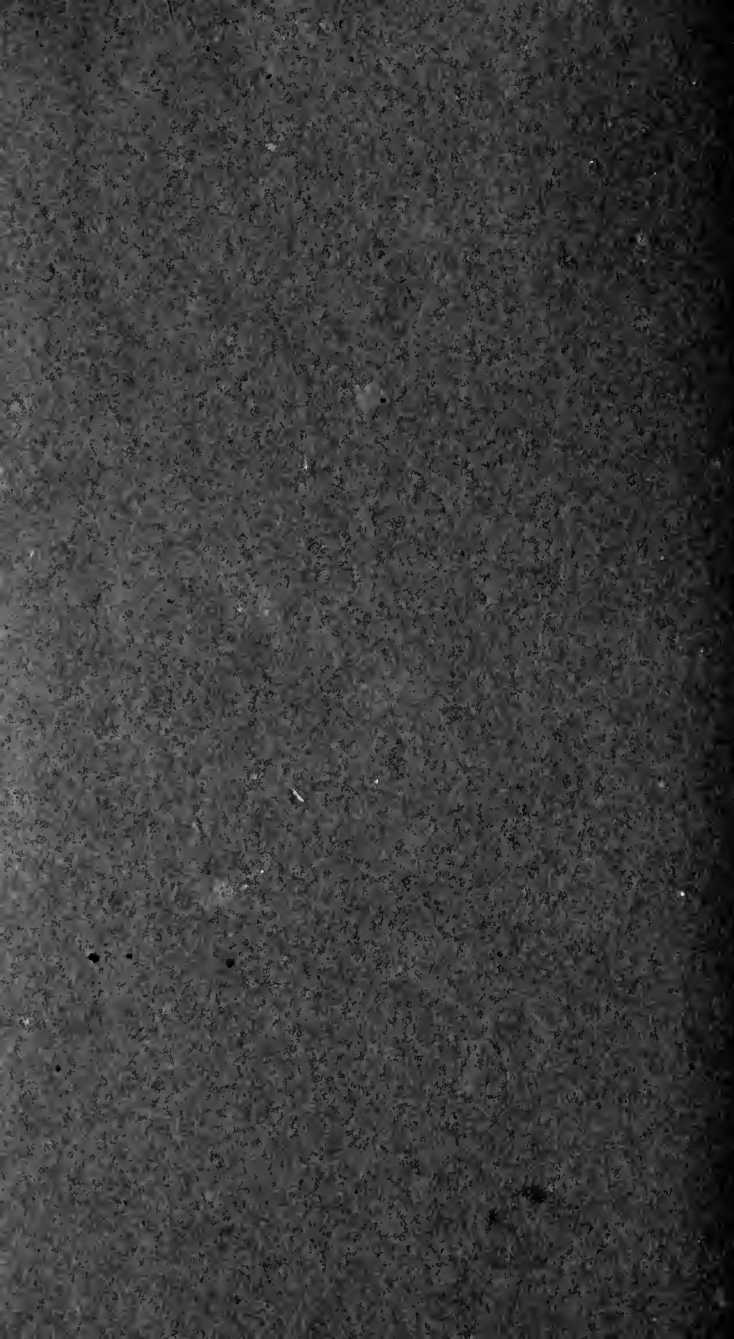
The gentleman took this as the lady really meant it—that he would be at liberty in future

to correspond ; and might possibly have testified his satisfaction by some overt-act of delight or delirium, had not the lady just mentioned unexpectedly stalked, like the unwelcome ghost of Banquo, into the apartment.

END OF VOL. I.

LONDON :

SHACKELL AND BAYLIS, JOHNSON'S-COURT, FLEET-STREET.



51 L

91 L



3 0112 045857668

